

The Massillon Independent.

WHOLE NO 1147

MASSILLON, OHIO, DECEMBER 28, 1893

XXXII-NO. 38.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

ATTORNEYS.

ROBERT H. FOLGER, Attorney at Law, U.S. Commissioner, Commissioner of Deeds for New York and Pennsylvania, and Notary Public, Akron, Ohio, 100 E. Erie street, Massillon, O. Will give strict attention to all business entrusted to his care in Stark and the adjoining counties.

BANKS.

GERMAN DEPOSIT BANK, Hotel Conrad, Akron, Dealer in promissory notes, manufacturers' scrip and exchange. Collections made in all cities and towns in the United States. P. G. ALBRIGHT, Cashier.

UNION NATIONAL BANK, Massillon Ohio. John Coleman, President, J. H. Hunt, Cashier.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK, Erie street Massillon, Ohio. \$150,000 Capital. S. Hunt, President; C. Steese Cashier.

DRUGISTS.

Z. T. BALTZLY, dealer in Drugs, Medicines and Chemicals, Perfumery and Fancy articles, Stationery and Blank Books, Open House Massillon, Ohio.

PHYSICIANS:

D. W. H. KIRKLAND, Homeopathic Practice, Office No. 55 East Main street, Massillon, Ohio. Office open day and night.

HARDWARE.

S. A. CONRAD & CO., Dealer in Foreign and S. Domestic Hardware, etc., Main street.

MANUFACTORIES.

RUSSELL & CO., manufacturers of Tread-
ing Machines, Portable, Semi-Portable and Traction Engines, Horse power, Saw Mills, etc.

MASILLON ROLLING MILL, Jos. Corns & Son, Proprietors, manufacturers of a superior quality of Merchant Bar and Blacksmith Iron.

MASILLON GLASS FACTORY, manufacturer of Green Glass Hollow Ware, Beer Bottles, Flasks, etc.

MASILLON IRON BRIDGE CO., Manufacturers of Bridges, Roads and General Iron Structures.

CROCHETERS.

D. ATWATER & SON, Established in 1862. Forwarders and Commission Merchant and dealers in all kinds of Country Produce. Ware house in Atwater's Block, Exchange street.

JEWELERS.

C. E. VON KANEL, East Side Jewelry Store C. East Main street.

JOSEPH COLEMAN, dealer in Watches, Clocks Jewelry, Silverware, Musical Instruments, etc., No. 55 South Erie street.

Traveler's Register.

Train leave and depart on Stamford 7:15 minutes slower than city time.

CLEVELAND, LOBAIN & WHEELING.

ROUTE.
No. 41 goes to Bellairie..... 6:30 a.
No. 35 (goes to Wheeling)..... 10:21 a.
No. 37 do do 8:38 p.
No. 39 (goes to Urichsville)..... 7:38 p.

ROUTE.

No. 24..... 6:35 a.
No. 36..... 11:35 a.
No. 38..... 8:27 p.
No. 42 arrives at..... 7:38 p.

WHEELING & LAKE ERIE.

GOING TOWARD WHEELING.
No. 1, Daily..... 8:30 a. m.
No. 5, 1:30 p. m.
No. 7, 5:30 p. m.
No. 11, Sunday only..... 6:50 p. m.

GOING TOWARD TOLEDO.

No. 4..... 8:30 a. m.
No. 6..... 12:32 p. m.
No. 8, Daily..... 5:45 p. m.
No. 12, Sunday only..... 10:30 a. m.

They Missed Their Dinner.

GOSÉ STATION, O., Dec. 27.—As John Hamilton was seated with his family, about to begin dinner, they were interrupted by their neighbor, Mrs. Weiss, announcing that her home was in flames. The building was completely destroyed, notwithstanding the heroic efforts of the citizens to save it. Sam Tracy was slightly injured while fighting the fire.

A BLOW AT STRIKES.

CRANK AFTER PARKHURST.

He is Overpowered by Officers—Another Move Against Police.

The Northern Pacific Trying to Prevent a Tieup.

A COURT INJUNCTION OBTAINED.

The Receivers Order a Wage Reduction. They Make a Move to Anticipate a Strike—The Court's Order Served on Employees.

MILWAUKEE, Dec. 27.—The receivers of the Northern Pacific, preparing for a strike of all their employees, applied some time ago to Judge Jenkins of the United States court for an order restraining them from declaring an instantaneous strike and doing any damage to the property, and interfering with the operation of the road. The receivers had ordered a general reduction in wages from 5 to 8 per cent. The employees objected.

WILLIAMSPORT, Pa., Dec. 27.—A desperado named Thomas Kennedy arrived in Cascade, Lycoming county, from the woods. He whipped half a dozen men and chased many others at the point of a revolver. The citizens telegraphed to Williamsport for police assistance. Chief of Police Russell responded, but a friend of the desperado told him of the chief's coming, and he made tracks for the woods. Kennedy murdered a hotel proprietor at Cross Forks, in Potter county, three months ago and escaped. Potter county has a standing reward of \$500 for his arrest.

Punished the Cannibals.

LONDON, Dec. 27.—An officer of the British gunboat Boomerang, writing from Sidney, N. S. W., gives an account of the punishment inflicted on the Pente-cost island Cannibals, for their murder of four members of the crew of the American schooner Don Henri last September. The Cannibals also murdered a portion of the crew of a French vessel. On learning these facts the Boomerang and the French warship Schorff landed detachments of marines who met and defeated the Cannibals in several engagements and burned their villages.

Rolling Mill Company Falls.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 27.—The Mahoning Rolling Mill company, with headquarters in this city and mills in Danville, Montour county, has gone into the hands of receivers. The liabilities are \$240,000 and assets \$332,000. Justice Cox of this city, and Charles L. Bailey of Harrisburg, both directors, have been appointed receivers.

President Mackey Resigns.

NEW YORK, Dec. 27.—D. J. Mackey has resigned as president and director of the Evansville and Terre Haute Railroad company, and Vice President H. C. Barlow is now acting president of the company. W. H. Fox was also elected director in place of Mr. Mackey, and also chairman of the board of directors.

A Stay Granted to McKane.

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Fine Grove Citizens Suffer.

FINE GROVE, Pa., Dec. 27.—The grip ravages are being felt throughout this section. In some places whole families are down with the disease. Mr. and Mrs. Henry Murphy, an aged couple of Frailey town, died of its effects within a week. A large number are suffering from pneumonia produced by the grip.

The Matabales Subjugated.

CAPETOWN, Dec. 27.—Commissioner Rhodes has arrived at Palapye and announces that the Matabales are entirely subjugated and that King Lobengula does not intend to return to Bulawayo.

To Protect Their Subjects.

ROME, Dec. 27.—It is stated that an agreement has been concluded between England and Italy for mutual protection of their citizens in Brazil.

Killed by an Electric Car.

ALTOONA, Pa., Dec. 27.—John Hoar, an aged and highly respected citizen of this place, was run over and instantly killed by a Logan Valley electric car while walking on the track about a mile and a half from the city. He was very deaf, and did not hear the conductor's signals.

Extensive Mountain Fire.

CARLISLE, Pa., Dec. 27.—An extensive mountain fire has broken out in the North mountains near Sterrett's Gap, and is sweeping northward.

Southern Point.

LEAVE MASSILLON via C. M. & E. to Canton 7:30 a. m., arrive at Cleveland 9:30 a. m., leave Canton 12:30 p. m., arrive at Cleveland at 12 noon. Leave Massillon via C. M. & E. to New York 2:30 p. m., arrive at New York 5:30 p. m., via Erie 7:30 p. m., via Philadelphia 8:30 p. m., via New York 10:30 p. m.

Train 27, 28, 29 and 30 run daily, all other trains daily except 28.

Trains 27, 28, 29 have through Pullman cars between Cleveland, Akron and Uniontown.

Chas. H. Rockwell, Gen. Pass. Agt.

L. R. Brockenbrough, Train Manager.

CLEVELAND CANTON & SOUTHERN R. R. GOING NORTH.

Leave Massillon via C. M. & E. 6:20 a. m., via M. & E. to New York 2:30 p. m., via Erie 7:30 a. m., leave Canton 12:30 p. m., arrive at Cleveland at 12 noon. Leave Massillon via C. M. & E. to New York 2:30 p. m., arrive at New York 5:30 p. m., via Erie 7:30 p. m., via Philadelphia 8:30 p. m., via New York 10:30 p. m.

GOING SOUTH.

Leave Cleveland at 7:30 a. m., via New York 2:30 p. m., arrive at Canton at 10:30 a. m., via M. & E. to New York 2:30 p. m., via Erie 7:30 a. m., leave Canton 12:30 p. m., arrive at Cleveland at 12 noon. Leave Massillon via C. M. & E. to New York 2:30 p. m., arrive at New York 5:30 p. m., via Erie 7:30 p. m., via Philadelphia 8:30 p. m., via New York 10:30 p. m.

CANTON-MASSILLON ELECTRIC RAILWA. Cars depart on standard time.

Regular trains between Massillon and Canton leave at 7:30 a. m. and 1:30 p. m. Trains return at 4:30-5:30 o'clock p. m.

W. H. KILLINSON, General Agent.

CHAS. D. WISE, Surveyor, Civil and Mining En- gineer and Draughtsman.

Abstracter of Titles and Notary Public.

Office, Room 1. — Stone Block, MASSILLON, O.

Notice of Appointment.

The undersigned has been duly appointed Administrator of the Estate of Joseph Corns, Sr., late of Stark County, Ohio, deceased. Dated the 1st day of November, 1893.

JAMES COLEMAN, Administrator.

Notice.

Mary Joy residing at Grove, Licking County, Pennsylvania, will take notice that on the 1st day of December, 1893, Emanuel Joy filed his petition in the court of Common Pleas of Stark County, Ohio, praying for a decree of sale of Mary Joy on the ground of adultery. Said cause will be heard on the 3rd day of February, 1894.

EMANUEL JOY.

By William & Day his Attorney. December 18th, 1893.

CHAS. D. WISE,

Surveyor, Civil and Mining En-

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FOR THOSE WHO RIDE

TWENTY THOUSAND CARRIAGE FACTORIES ARE AT THEIR SERVICE.

New Methods of Manufacture Contrasted With the Old-Fashioned Decree as to the Style for the Occasion—An Immense Industry Explained.

(Special Correspondence.)

BOSTON, Dec. 21.—There are some 20,000 carriage making establishments, big and little, in the country, employing thousands of workmen. Millions of dollars in manufactured work are produced every year. This is the reason carriages are so plenty for those who can afford to own them.

The different kinds of carriages are bewildering in number, and every season sees some new traps upon the market as well as improved designs in the standard lines. Fashion has now designated the proper kind of vehicle for each special use. The family carriage shall be a brougham. The madam shall ride in this when shopping or in pleasant weather shall use her victoria, while the loop phaeton is for her use when out for a drive and desiring to handle the reins. For a gentleman a narrow, open buggy or stanhope top buggy is the proper thing, and a six, eight or ten passenger break when he wants to take a party of friends out. The young people have their four-passenger fancy traps for a drive in company, but for one or two the fancy two-wheelers and odd shaped vehicles must be used.

Carriages Long Ago.

In early times the carriage factories were little wayside smithies and one room carpenter shops, where the iron work was all hammered on by the smith, and the body, wheels, shafts and head were sawn, planed and fitted by the carpenter. Then the painter and upholsterer took it in hand, each at his respective place of business, completing the vehicle in perhaps months of labor. After the chaise was finished, if it was an ordered job, it was hauled to market and sought a not easily found purchaser if the price was as high as \$300. That amount of money in the days of our great-grandfathers was almost a fortune.

Workmen in those days considered a day's work to be from sunrise to sunset in summer, and in winter they were expected to work until 9 o'clock four evenings in the week. But they had work every day in the year if they wished it. For this labor apprentices—for the carriage maker employed one helper, and he was an apprentice—received board, \$25 and three months' schooling the first year, \$30 and two months' schooling the second, and so increasing \$5 per year for four years.

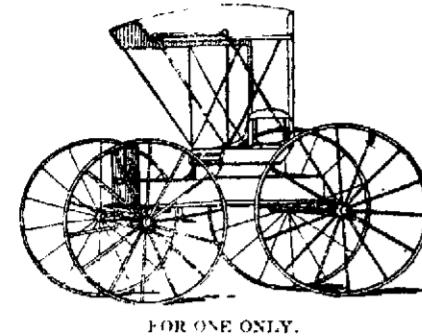
Now, eight or ten hours is the day's limit for workmen, and they receive all the way from \$2 to \$5.50 per day or more, but a large part of the more laborious work is done by machines. The wood-work of the gear and wheels is hickory, and it is sawed from the rough planks and planed, shaped and smoothed by machinery. The frame of the body is of the same wood, and it is mortised, tenoned, punctured with screwholes and made ready to be united and held in place by glue and screws. The panels of the body are sawed out by a hand saw from wide, half inch boards of the greenish colored, knotless white wood, and the body maker fits and fastens these in place and smooths the joints with sandpaper.

Made by Machinery.

In a separate department of the great factory, where all parts are now made simultaneously, the designing draftsmen are first ushomed and made springy with spiral wire springs behind the squabs. The leather is stitched on the dasher, and the wood bows that give form to the top are put in place. This is called "setting the head," and is a very delicate job. It takes a skillful hand to get it level and true. The bows are held at the lower end by iron sockets, turning on an arm or gooseneck.

The Finishing Touches.

Of course different styles have different trimmings, but all bow tops are trimmed much the same. Over the corners of the bows a long cushion of curled hair is tacked to hold the leather out plump. Then the woolen cloth or head lining is tacked to the inside of the bow. The leather is cut for the top in four pieces and stitched together, as is also the back and side curtains. After the lamps are put on it is ready for ship-



ment and is taken apart, if to be sent crated, by removing the wheels, shafts and top, and packed in a small compass. If it is to be sent on a platform car it is merely covered with a cloth.

From the wholesale manufacturers they go to the salesrooms of the dealers, and are arranged in tasteful groups upon the floors, and prices amounting to 20 or 25 per cent advance on the wholesalers' prices are put on them.

The average prices for the closed broughams are \$300 or \$400. Victorias are \$250 to \$350; stanhope buggies are \$200 to \$300. Other top buggies are all the way from \$125 to \$300. Trap-soups from \$125 to \$100. Of course the prices run up to \$2,000 or \$3,000 for fine coaches.

The industry is distributed all over the country, but New York state, the New England states and the west have the largest number of factories. Through the south the manufacturers are smaller, and in the far west and on the Pacific coast the industry is less important. The most prominent places of manufacture are New Haven, Amesbury, Mass.; Cincinnati, Chicago, Buffalo and New York.

The trade is represented by half a dozen journals, and voluminous catalogues are issued by the manufacturers to advertise their work. The American carriage has become famous and leads the world in beauty and construction.

G. P. SMITH.

COLOR OF CULDINGS.

How a Taste for Harmony Is Steadily Gaining Ground.

(Special Correspondence.)

CLEVELAND, Dec. 21.—Whatever may be the cause, it is a fact that the love of color on the part of Americans is steadily gaining ground. In no way is this change of the national taste more plainly observable than in the painting of the buildings. Forty years ago red and yellow houses were often seen in country districts; but by the beginning of the civil war few of them were left, and especially among the well to do white became the dominant paint.

In the suburbs of the cities it was the same, while public and business buildings and pretentious residences were almost all of gray or brown stone or brick of a dull, red color. Often the brick was painted a somber tint, and sometimes white. Bright coloring was practically not thought of in buildings, and when it began to be introduced was frowned upon from all directions as evidence of extremely bad taste. Now the white house is so extremely rare as to excite surprise, and year by year the coloring of all sorts of buildings is becoming gayer and more diversified.

The most modest house builder of to-day devotes much time to the consideration and selection of the paint he shall use on his residence, and more than one contractor of my acquaintance who makes the erection of moderate priced houses specially employs constantly a man of recognized artistic taste to lay out a color scheme for single houses and groups. One of these men, with whom I had a conversation today, displayed good knowledge of values and contrasts and explained very logically why he had painted two houses built on the same plan quite differently. One was surrounded by trees and shrubbery, and the other was in a street closely built up and in proximity on each side to houses of red brick. The colors chosen in each case were such as would harmonize with the environment.

It is difficult to locate all the reasons for this change. The peoples of warm countries have always shown greater fondness for color in building as well as in clothing and decoration than those of cold lands. English buildings are somber, while the structures of southern Europe, abounding in bright colors. It is held by a certain meteorological authority that the average temperature of this country has risen one degree in the past 40 years.

The same authority holds that this change, though it be, is producing vast modifications of our usages, tastes and manners. Possibly it has some bearing upon the point in question. The large influx of European blood may also have something to do with it. The gradual lightening of the national character, the increased attention to amusements, the greater general culture, all are contemporary with the change in the coloring of the buildings, and quite probably all are resultant from the same causes.

C. B. BOLLES.

It's Different Here.

In London the conductor of tramcar is liable to arrest and punishment if he permits more than the regular number of passengers on his car. Recently one conductor was fined \$1.75 because there was one passenger extra.

On long, low benches the hides of leather and webs of cloth are spread, cut and fashioned by skillful fingers. Clicking sewing machines make accompaniment to the rat-tat of the tack hammer and swish of tearing cloth. Leather, broadcloth, silk, satin and morocco are used. The back and sides of the

A FOG CRYSTALLIZED

HIGH IN THE AIR IT SAILED, AND MEN CALLED IT A CLOUD.

When the North Wind Breathed on It, It Resolved Itself Into Snowflakes, Which Descended Earthward to Afflict Humanity In Divers Ways.

One day the north wind breathed on a fog bank that was so high in the skies as to be called a cloud by the human inmates that pattered far below on the surface of the earth, and straightway the fog shaped itself into dainty crystals, and these massed themselves into flakes and began to sail jauntily down to the earth.

Some of these flakes were seen by a lot of flannel shirted, heavy booted lumbermen who were waiting for the snowfall to go into logging camp, and when they saw the fleecy things descend one



day they chopped and trimmed and hauled, after the other till the earth was covered as with a blanket, while yet uncounted myriads were following in their wake, the loggers cheered and recked not that as it snowed the wind rose, for the snow was heavy, and its coming meant the beginning of their season of industry. And the next morning when the sun shone again out of the frosty blue winter sky, tipping hill tops and bare, gaunt tree branches with gold, the loggers began their three months' toil with gleaming axes and ringing saws and iron pointed hand-pikes.

Day after day they chopped and trimmed and hauled the monster logs into which they transformed the mammoth forest trees, and night after night they sang songs and told stories in their rude woodland huts after their work was done and their supper of pork and beans was eaten. In the spring, when the breakup came and they floated the logs they had got out during the winter and counted the products of their toil, they smiled and said the season had been good. But if the north wind had not breathed on the cloud that day early in the winter and it had rained instead of snowed, their labors would have been much shorter and their season only ordinary.

Some of the flakes from that same cloud were whirled by the north wind, after it had crystallized them, over the streets of a city, and when they fell there poey and dismay were mingled. The children danced with glee—that is, those who lived near the parks and were possessors of sleds and skates and comfortable clothing and warm mittens. To them the snow meant frolics and fun unlimited, but to some others, who had poor shoes and thin, tattered clothing, it meant chattering teeth and stiffened fingers and blue noses and watery eyes. But the north wind cared not.

It was dull that winter among those who labor for wages, and to men who were out of work the whirling, falling flakes gave grateful promise of employment upon the streets, of shoveling tons and tons of snow, and wages from the city's till. But in his office in the city hall the official who was responsible for the condition of the streets and had already used up most of his appropriation the snow was hateful, and he walked up and down in despair as he thought how the newspapers would "jump upon him" the next morning and ask sarcastically if the slush would ever be removed from the pavements, if the gutters would ever be free of muddy ice water and if street traffic would ever be free again.

And in every city in the land where snow fell that day there was distraction. But they all lived through it.

Some of the flakes were sifted over the pleasant valley, at the foot of which stands the little old red schoolhouse some of you know and cherish blessed memories of, and one driven crystal planted a cold but gentle kiss on the



MODERN ROTARY SNOWPLOW.

cerning storm experiences, which was a draw when it came time, as they were grinding along in the teeth of the storm, to turn in and go to sleep. The next morning, when all who had stuck to the train found that a fresh snowbound experience was ahead of them, these travelers were the most philosophical of the lot, for they had learned by experience that nothing could be done but to wait, and that jack pots and smoking and songs and veracious recitations of personal annals are excellent things to fall back on when snow blocks the way.

Some of the passengers growled, but none took things so much to heart as the superintendent of the division of the road on which they were imprisoned, for a heavy snowstorm meant almost superhuman exertions on his part and the part of his subordinates. It meant ceaseless vigils till the rails were clear again; it meant broken engines and cars derailed, demoralized schedules and kicking, complaining passengers, and expenses without limit almost to be charged against the division in the main office of the great trunk line, where, it seemed to him, a lot of accountants were kept solely for the purpose of casting up just such unavoidable expenses.

To penetrate this forbidding region is the task that Dr. Fred A. Cook of Brooklyn has set for himself. Dr. Cook was the ethnologist of the Peary expedition in 1891-92, and his experience will qualify him for this hazardous undertaking. He proposes to buy a steam whaler and fit her out for a three years' cruise in the southern seas. On the decks of the steamer will be carried two lifeboats. One of these will be large enough to cross the stormy waters between the South Shetland islands and South America. The other, a smaller, will be built for navigating through the ice.

As the seasons are reversed in the southern hemisphere, the months of December, January, February and March will be the season of exploration. It is Dr. Cook's purpose to sail from New York about Sept. 1, thence to the Falkland islands, to replenish coal and provisions. From Falkland islands the course will be direct to Terra Louis Philippe, where he will leave the larger lifeboat with provisions sufficient to reach Falkland islands, to be used if his steamer is lost. His movements after leaving Terra Louis Philippe will depend upon the condition of the vast ice packs drifting around the polar ocean at the mercy of the winds. His intention is to take the first opening and sail to the most southerly point attainable, where headquarters will be established, and preparations made for the long antarctic night.

It is Dr. Cook's intention, after the observations are placed and winter quarters completed, to make detailed geological and topographical survey of the surroundings, and meteorological observations will be continued for one year.

"Do you remember, Jim?" queried the engineer, "how in 1878 we put 10 locomotives in a row, and how, when we were stuck in this very same cut, the head engineer's whistle to 'back' was interpreted by the rear engineer to be 'go ahead,' and what a smashup followed?" How the two middle engines were shut up like jackknives, and poor Bill Johnson was killed and some of the other boys were pretty badly hurt?

The man of all men who looked upon the snow with most approval as it fell from the crystallized fog bank that day was Old Probabilities, and his smile was shared by the signal officers in all the snow region, for they had been officially predicted that snow would come.

L. D. MARSHALL.

SHE WAS NOT SORRY.

rosy cheek of the little schoolma'am who wielded the ruler and rang the bell in the little schoolhouse and was "boarding round" that winter. And she was filled with dismay, for some of her pupils' parents lived two miles away from the foot of the valley, and she thought, as the flake that had chaste saluted her was followed by countless thousands of others, that she would have to wade through snow the remainder of the winter.

But young Jim Wills, the broad-shouldered son of the trustee, twinkled his blue eyes as he noticed the descend-

ing snow, and thought how the next day he could hitch up to his father's big box sled and on pretext of gathering the children up to take them to school would save the little schoolma'am who had been kissed by the flake from the struggle with the snow she dreaded so much. When the spring came, and the little schoolma'am realized because of that first storm she need no longer be a teacher, she was not sorry the snow came so early.

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It was dull that winter among those who labor for wages, and to men who were out of work the whirling, falling flakes gave grateful promise of employment upon the streets, of shoveling tons and tons of snow, and wages from the city's till. But in his office in the city hall the official who was responsible for the condition of the streets and had already used up most of his appropriation the snow was hateful, and he walked up and down in despair as he thought how the newspapers would "jump upon him" the next morning and ask sarcastically if the slush would ever be removed from the pavements, if the gutters would ever be free of muddy ice water and if street traffic would ever be free again.

And in every city in the land where snow fell that day there was distraction. But they all lived through it.

Some of the flakes were sifted over the pleasant valley, at the foot of which stands the little old red schoolhouse some of you know and cherish blessed memories of, and one driven crystal planted a cold but gentle kiss on the

cheek of the little schoolma'am who wielded the ruler and rang the bell in the little schoolhouse and was "boarding round" that winter. And she was filled with dismay, for some of her pupils' parents lived two miles away from the foot of the valley, and she thought, as the flake that had chaste saluted her was followed by countless thousands of others, that she would have to wade through snow the remainder of the winter.

But young Jim Wills, the broad-shouldered son of the trustee, twinkled his blue eyes as he noticed the descend-

THE SOUTHERN POLE.

REVIVAL OF INTEREST IN ANTARCTIC EXPLORATION.

Dr. Cook Proposes to Invade the Southern Seas and at Least to Make Important Observations if He Does Not Succeed in Reaching the Pole.

The subject of antarctic exploration, after lying dormant for half a century, is again interesting the attention of geographers, and an attempt will soon be made to explore the frigid and storm swept regions within the antarctic circle. Of this vast area of 8,000,000 square miles comparatively nothing is known, although Dr. John Murray, at the recent antarctic meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, stated that the south polar continent may have an area of 4,000,000 square miles. Though this is conjecture, based upon the fact that the dredging operations of the Challenger in antarctic waters gave evidence of continental rather than of oceanic lands, geographers would not be surprised should it prove true.

The north polar region has been visited so often by navigators and scientists that the geography of its surroundings is fairly well known, and it is possible that within a few years the pole will be reached and its topography charted. But to utterly isolated is the south pole, so intense the cold, so vast and tempestuous the waters that surround it, that fearless indeed must be the adventurer who would solve the mysteries of that frozen solitude.

Early in the present century a few discoveries were made, and later, about 1835, a general interest in antarctic exploration became manifest. Lieutenant Wilkes commanded an elaborately fitted out expedition for the United States government, while England and France sent out similar expeditions, commanded respectively by Captain James Ross and Admiral Dumont d'Urville. The results of these explorations were meager and

others were watching the eddying snowflakes on their earthward descent from speeding railroad trains. One of these persons, a philosophical journey taker, whom you would set down at once as a connoisseur, turned in his seat in the smoking car to borrow a match from his neighbor and ask him if his trip was a long one. When the reply came, "Boston to Omaha," the first speaker chocked:

"And we're not half way there yet, for I am going to Omaha also. The way the snow starts in today reminds me of the way the eastern blizzard of 1888 snowed up a trainload of us not 50 miles from New York."

UNLUCKY BILL NYE.

AS A TRAVELER HE WRITES HE IS NOT A SUCCESS.

And as a Collector of Cash on Good Security He Is Even Worse Still, but He Is All Right as an Artist.

[Copyright, 1863, by Edgar W. Nye.]

INDIAN SUMMER IN LONDON.

Very likely other people have better luck in traveling than I do, for I never feel sure that I am on the right conveyance except when I am on board an ocean steamer and find my name printed on the passenger list. Even on the road from London to Liverpool four years ago, after I had been told by a dozen people that there was no change, I found myself at midnight 50 miles off the road, and would have been 200 if I had not been stopped by the ocean.

The guard looked at my ticket and told me I should have changed at Crewe. I had happened to be in the only car-



ONLY FOURPENCE ON HAND.

riage which did not go through to Liverpool without charge. The booking office was closed, the lunch shed was also closed, and I could not learn what to do in order to get to Liverpool in time for my steamer, which would start early and promptly at 1 o'clock the same day, it being now past 12. An hour after I heard a train approaching and saw the window of the booking office slowly open. With my heart in my mouth, I inquired when I could get a train toward Liverpool. The agent said I could not get to Liverpool before 2 o'clock Wednesday, which, it struck me, would be an hour after my steamer had gone, and to run and catch up with a steamer that has an hour the start is discouraging.

He told me to take the next train—at 1 o'clock—which was then pulling in. I was just going to buy a ticket, but he saw the one I still had, for the guard did not take it up, and told me that I did not need another ticket. This struck me as very generous, for our railroads make a passenger pay for his ignorance by buying another ticket. So with my old ticket I got aboard and reached Liverpool not at 2 p.m., but at 2 a.m., and slept till 9. However, I was so scared for an hour that my scalp turned perfectly white.

Last week I had an engagement for dinner at 7 and concluded to go by the underground road. As we stopped a minute or two in one of the stations, I got out nimbly and bought a Pall Mall magazine. The train was just starting as I got back and into my car. It turned

out, however, to be another carriage, for my umbrella, overcoat and speech were not in the rack where I had left them.

At the next station I got out and tried another car in the brief time I had to do it in, but it was not my car, though it looked the same.

I did this all the way to my destination and then gave it up. I asked an official what to do, for I was in evening dress and a soft cap. He said the quickest way would be to wait till my train came around again. Meantime he would wire the guard to search for the goods, while I telephoned the presiding officer of the dinner that a fatal accident had delayed me.

I waited all the evening in the cold until my train made its circle and a porter brought me my stuff. That was one of the best speeches I ever delivered. I delivered it to a messenger boy who took it to the office of a morning paper while I ate a brace of Welsh rabbits by my self and went home.

If a note of invitation should come to me today requesting me to dine at Buckingham Palace, I would stipulate that the royal carriage be sent to my lodgings for me in order to avoid the bitter disappointment which would be felt as it settled down like a pall on the household of her most gracious majesty when it should be learned that I was lost in St. John's Wood.

Another annoyance which I seem to have a copyright on is my failure to get money when I run short.

In Paris once I used up my letter of credit sooner than I had expected to do and asked the bank where I had drawn my money before to draw by cable on my home bank. It was done before I

had time to feel the pangs of hunger in a great city and among strangers.

But when I noticed here that I was getting down to where I did not have sovereigns enough for a quorum I went to the bank where I had been doing business and stated the case. The cashier shook his head and said, "We cash Brown Bros' letters of credit, but we don't supply needy Americans with pocket-money on short notice, especially when American banks, as at present, can hardly trust each other.

"Why," said he, "I am told that many of your banks never have over \$50,000 or even less, while ROYAL ARMS OF ENGLAND here is LAND (B. Nye, Artist), rather inferior that does not carry a capital of £1,000,000 and from that up."

He then went on about his business, shoveling gold into the hopper of a pair of grocer's scales with a copper scoop as he would sugar or salt.

I did not discuss the case with him, but tried other banks, probably 55 or 60 of them. I offered to deposit New York checks and then pay for a cablegram regarding my identity and solvency. Then I produced well known people of England who were acquainted with me, but they were all noble people whom the cashier did not know. Noble people who are untrained are never recognized by a cashier even in America. It is always Billy the Kid or Shakespear Jim, armed to the teeth, who is recognized and who overdraws his account.

In a few days my sovereigns became shillings, and the time came when I did not ride any more in cabs. I slid into a pawnshop one evening with a notion of leaving my watch, but my courage failed me, so I looked over some goods with the air of a purchaser and then gently got out.

One night I went to bed with only fourpence on hand. In the morning the landlord laid my bill down by my plate at breakfast.

Meantime I had managed to deposit some New York checks with an exchange, and it had sent a messenger boy with them to New York. I judge, to see if they were good, so I looked forward to getting the money inside of seven weeks. Yet inside of that time I might be in the workhouse, and in that way at least reach America, for many workhouse people and paupers are sent to

"The Boy's Opinion."

Detroit possesses a gentleman who thinks he is a fine shot and a great hunter, but there are some dissenters from this opinion. Not long ago he went into the country for a two days' hunt, and the first morning he started off early down the road to a field where he thought he might scare up a rabbit or two. On the fence by the field sat a boy, who surveyed the hunter's elaborate equipment critically.

"What you lookin' for?" he inquired familiarly.

"Rabbits. Have you seen any?"

"Yes," said the boy, nodding toward the field, where a dozen or more cattle were browsing, "there's some over there."

"But I can't go in there," contended the hunter. "I might shoot some of those cattle."

The boy snuffed the air.

"Wasn't you down this way last year?" he inquired.

"Yes, for a week."

"I ain't forgot. I seen you shootin' with that same layout. I'm tendent hem cattle, and if you can't shoot any better than you did last year, I'll risk your hitting anything there, unless it is haystacks, and that's pretty safe unless you git close enough to set it on fire."

Detroit Free Press.

The Lawyer Answered.

One of Cincinnati's most prominent lawyers tells a good story on himself. He says:

"It was when I used to practice law in a little town near the center of the state. A farmer had one of his neighbors arrested for stealing ducks, and I was employed by the accused to endeavor to convince the court that such was not the case. The plaintiff was positive his neighbor was guilty of the offense charged against him, because he had seen the ducks in defendant's yard.

"How do you know they are your ducks?" I asked.

"Oh, I should know my own ducks anywhere," replied the farmer, and he went into a description of their different peculiarities whereby he could readily distinguish them from others.

"Why," said I, "those ducks cannot be of such a rare breed. I have seen some just like mine in my own yard."

"That's not at all unlikely," replied the farmer, "for they are not the only ducks I have had stolen lately." —Farm and Field.

To Be Sure.

Prose is the enemy of poetry, and always has been.

A Quaker who had a young and pretty daughter was awakened one night by some one singing under his window. A certain young gentleman it appeared had mistaken the father's window for the daughter's.

Several airs were sung, and finally the serenade struck into "Home, Sweet Home." The old gentleman got out of bed and raised the window.

"Young man," said he, "if thou hast a home, and a sweet home, as thou sayest, why don't thee go home?" —Youth's Companion.

An Uneven Distribution.

The professional pessimist came into the office looking absolutely cheerful.

"Well," they asked him, "what is the new cause of complaint this morning?"

"I was thinking how unjustly things were arranged for a man who has a corn. It gets its wrong mashing from the man who is too heavy to knock down." —Indianapolis Journal.

Explained.

Briggs—I saw a district messenger boy in a horse car get up and give his seat to a lady the other day.

Griggs—What suggested the idea to him?

Briggs—He wanted to get out.—Life.

Appropriate.

"I have invented a new bicycle which I am going to call 'The Brazilian.'"

"Why?"

"Because it makes revolutions so easily." —Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.

Signt of It.

"Is Smith really going to practice law out in Arizona?"

"I should think so. He sold his library and bought half a dozen revolvers." —Chicago Inter Ocean.

The jug or flagon at the bottom contains

wassail. I threw that in myself and a key to the whole grouping and arrangement of the picture. Sometimes an artist with genius that way can add the spectator so that at a glance he sees the spirit of the master.

The peculiar thing on the tail of the middle lion is a bow of blue ribbon which he has attached to his person in a spirit of badinage and to show how contemptuously total abstinence was treated during the reign of Richard I.

The drawing which follows represents Henry VIII reposing on his couch after a hard day's work on the throne. It shows the somewhat crude and unpretentious bed of that period as well as the expression of his mien while asleep. It is said to be the only portrait of Henry VIII taken while he was asleep. Note the graceful outline of the figure, which is but half concealed by the patchwork bed quilt constructed entirely of neckties and cravats contributed by the king's courtiers.

[Special Correspondence.]

WASHINGTON, Dec. 21.—It is not in this Capital City, this city of politics and society, of laziness and intrigue, that one would naturally turn for the signs of a coming industrial revolution. And yet information has reached me of possibilities which are too vast to be easily credited and which have had their origin in this town. A Washington inventor will soon give to the world what he confidently believes to be the greatest industrial revolution effected since the introduction of steam power in the world. He is not alone in this belief. Men of great practical skill or scientific attainments who have had an opportunity to note what he has accomplished join with this inventor in the declaration that the world is upon the eve of one of those topsy-turvyings of industrial and mechanical forces which come about once in one or two centuries.

Taming the Sun's Rays.

The inventor has plans which, if fully realized (and his prospects for doing so are now very bright), will revolutionize all known methods of obtaining power. He proposes to extract power from the rays of the sun and to apply it to all industrial purposes. Inasmuch as this power is simply heat, it can be used wherever heat is now used—for the warming of buildings, the making of steam and all manufacturing processes. This idea of taking heat directly from the sun is not a new one. Innumerable inventors have worked upon it and have met with more or less success in application of the simple principle that if we use a reflecting surface and concentrate a large number of the rays of the sun in one spot we shall obtain a fierce heat. This part of the operation is comparatively simple. Scoresby, the famous whaling captain of the north of England, used to astonish his sailors in the arctic region, for instance, being cast without use or profit upon few hundred acres of swamp land along the Hudson or East rivers, why should man go or digging in the earth and beginning him self in his efforts to tap the center of all heat in our system for his necessary supply of calorific? Why not take his requirements directly from the common cold sun?

Wonders Claimed For It.

This is the problem the inventor I speak of has been working upon. That he will succeed I have little doubt. The whole question of success is embodied in the storage. With that reduced to a practical basis all the rest is easy. The inventor tells me he can set up one of his machines—a somewhat larger one than the one I saw in operation—and by throwing all its rays in focus at one point instantly melt a rock as big as a freight car. Not only melt it but convert it into liquid which should run down the hillside like lava. With a little larger reflector—and still small enough to be easily used in practical operations—he could melt the hill itself, burning the forest which covered it as if it were shavings, converting the earth into steam with a little residue of molten stuff, and transforming the very rock into a stream that would pass away. If all this is true—and it is capable of mathematical demonstration—the man of the near future will not laboriously pierce a hole in the mountain when he wants a tunnel. He will not blast and dig and carve when he wants a cutting for a railway. He will instead burn the mountain down, or search a hole through it, and do it some fine afternoon, as soon as his surveyors have located the spot and the people in the ravine below have been warned to get out of the way of the molten flood.

For the Good of Man.

There are tremendous possibilities, and let no one say they are impossibilities. The Nicaragua canal may be bored out with a looking glass. Man may acquire the art of using the illuminating power of the mighty sun to change the face of earth at his own sweet will. With power which costs him nothing or almost nothing but the setting up of a mirror and a steam engine, or some more simple device for converting heat into motion, man's subjugation of nature and of all substances and obstacles will be complete. If there will be no further use of labor in the coal mines and on the coal carrying transportation lines, there will be no need of even the poorest of earth's mortals suffering with the cold. If the stokers of boilers and drivers of coal carts lose their occupation, if a surveyor and a man with a big looking glass in his hand can go out and build a railroad without the service of an army of workmen, if the coming industrial revolution takes the employment away from one third of the population of all civilized countries, it will at the same time bring the world so much riches, fill it with so many blessings, that mankind as a whole will be enormously the better and happier for it.

If the world must go on executing murderers and other criminals, a better method of doing it will soon appear. Instead of choking a matefactor with a rope about his neck, cutting his head off with a pincillote, shooting him in the body or shocking his life out with an electric current, we shall turn upon him at the proper moment and by the legal authority the concentrated rays of a 16 foot reflector. Instantly, completely, absolutely, the man disappears. He will not be burned or rosted to death. He will be evaporated. His flesh will have gone off in light and purified vapors. His bones will be converted into the chemical elements of which they are composed. There will not be left of him so much as an atom or a smell.

WALTER WELLMAN.

They have attained the most wonderful success in the treatment of cancer, stomach and kidney, bladders, nervous, chronic and special diseases of men and women. Drs. have perfected the most wonderful method of curing Vital Drift in Trine, Nephritis, Impaired Memory, Weak Back, Melancholia, Want of Energy, Premature Decline of Health, etc. Power of those terrible disorders arising from debility of youth, blighting the most radiant hopes, breaking marriage unhappy, annually sweeping to an untimely grave, thousand of exalted talents and intellects. A Perfect Restoration Guaranteed. Write for a free sample for chemical and inter-operative examination.

For Cases and correspondence confidential Treatment sent C. O. D. to any part of the U. S. List of 200 questions free. Address with postage. DR. FRANCE, Columbus, Ohio.

THE CLEVELAND SHORTHAND COLLEGE.

Mourning paper is going out of fashion abroad. Instead a little triangle is printed in the corner of the envelope and the note paper.

ALFRED DAY.

Principal.

My college in New York, Ohio, deports elegantly.

Letters made.

The Cleveland Shorthand College Co. F-4-C Euclid Av.

THE HEAT OF THE SUN.

AN INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION PROMISED BY ITS USE.

It Will Melt a Rock Instantly as Big as a Freight Car—Washington Wants to Revolutionize Methods of Obtaining Power.

[Special Correspondence.]

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THE INDEPENDENT.

WEEKLY; FOUNDED IN 1842.
DAILY FOUNDED IN 1842.

Telephone No. 60.

THE INDEPENDENT COMPANY, INDEPENDENT BUILDING, 18 North Erie St., - Massillon, O.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1893.

Why don't you resign, McCane? Resign, resign! Nobody wants you to remain on the board of township trustees. Nobody cares to accept orders from your hands. Resign, McCane, resign!

The London Post is shocked because Mrs. Cleveland is occasionally referred to as "Frankie," and adds that "people who tolerate this sort of thing must not be surprised if the President's daughter is in reality stolen."

MUST BE VACCINATED.

Important Action Taken by the Board of Health.

A special meeting of the board of health was held last night, and action taken on a matter of most vital importance. A special committee appointed at the last meeting of the board reported that arrangements have been made so that in case of an epidemic of disease tents for the accommodation of patients could be prepared at two or three days' notice. The question of how to manage diphtheria was brought up, and some of the members of the board were of the opinion that a number of the local physicians had not reported cases of that disease as promptly as they should, and it was urged that stricter precautions be exercised in the future. The most important action of the evening was the framing of the following order:

"It is hereby ordered by the board of health of Massillon, Stark county, O., that on and after January 1, 1894, no child shall be admitted to any public, private or parochial school in the city of Massillon, Stark county, O., without presenting a physician's certificate of having been successfully vaccinated or of having had smallpox."

The board decided in discussing the above order, that exceptions to it would be made provided that a physician's certificate stating that the child presented was not in proper physical condition to be vaccinated, were furnished.

The issuing of an order of such a nature as the above, and in such post terms, is undoubtedly the best plan that could have been devised to prepare for and prevent the spread of smallpox or any other malignant disease that may develop in Massillon.

Steps similar to those taken at last night's meeting are already being put in force by the board of health of Perry township, and Clerk Hamperly has notified the township school board to require all children attending the township schools to present certificates of vaccination on January 1, 1894.

MR. PEPPER ON THE PLAN.

In his letter to THE INDEPENDENT on the Coxey road improvement scheme, Senator Sherman denied the constitutionality of the plan. Senator Peffer, of Kansas, as the leading Populist of the country, was at the same time asked by THE INDEPENDENT to state his opinion of the plan, both in its financial and material aspects. Mr. Peffer, in his reply ignores the really interesting phases of the subject, contenting himself with writing:

"WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 23. - Answering your inquiry of the 18th inst., congress has authority to employ men on public works of any character. It has been frequently done and is being done now. Should it be determined to open national thoroughfares in any part of the country, congress has unquestioned authority to employ and to pay all the men that are needed for that work. This does not imply that any work other than of a national character could be undertaken by congress."

"Respectfully,
W. O. PEPPER."

A NATIONAL APPEAL.

A communication has been received from the American Protective Tariff League. It declares that the league, in special and extraordinary session on December 16th, responding to the earnest request of wage earners, unanimously agreed that it was necessary to call upon the press of the United States to urge every patriotic citizen to assist in defeating the proposed Wilson free trade tariff, which is now before congress. If this measure becomes a law, the demand for labor in all productive employments in this country will be decreased. This will reduce the wages and earnings of every man, woman or child among us; permanently lower the standard of living in this country and, reduce the purchasing power of our wage earners who constitute the great consuming force in this land.

Every person, rich or poor, high or low, old or young, who is not in favor of lower wages and less comfort in life, should at once write a postal card to the congressman from his or her district, protesting against the passage of this bill and demanding that the McKinley tariff be left unchanged. Write a postal card today, and urge every friend of yours to do the same. Perhaps, your effort will defeat free trade and save protection.

MISS ZERBE'S BOOK.

"Pins from the Plaisance" is the title Miss Ida Zerbe has given to a little white bound book, fresh from the press, containing a series of letters that appeared in another form, from time to time, during the continuance of the World's Fair. The dainty volume is inscribed to Miss Zerbe's mother, contains a portrait of the author and a number of World's Fair pictures. Miss Zerbe's pages give Heister.

MISS KRATZSCH THE WINNER

She is the owner of "THE INDEPENDENT" PRIZE PIANO.

Thousands of Votes Cast Between Morning and Noon on Friday - M. W. Oberlin Follows Miss Kraatzsch - Miss Brannan Third, and Miss Wiseman Fourth.

Emma Kratzsch..... 25,422
M. W. Oberlin..... 17,473
Miss Brannan..... 9,749
Miss Nan E. Wiseman..... 8,776

Miss Emma Kratzsch is the winner of the prize piano, manufactured by Meuser & Co., and offered with the compliments of THE INDEPENDENT to the Stark county teacher who should receive the greatest number of ballots cut from the columns of this paper. The figures given above show the relative strength of the four leading contestants who gave evidence some time ago that the prize rested between them. The piano is now in Meuser & Co.'s storeroom, and is the property of Miss Kratzsch. It will be delivered at her convenience, wherever she may direct.

THE OFFICIAL COUNT.

The poll was closed at precisely 12 o'clock Friday, and the count was commenced immediately, being concluded at 7 o'clock, by Messrs. W. R. and L. P. Lippa. Albert Ellis and Oscar S. Kratzsch were present during the entire time as the representatives of Mr. Oberlin and Miss Kratzsch, respectively and Charles Wiseman was present during a part of the time. The official finding follows:

MASILLON, O., Dec. 22, 1893.

We, the undersigned, do hereby certify that we have counted all the ballots cast in THE INDEPENDENT piano contest for the most popular teacher in Stark county and find the result to be correct as stated below:

W. R. LIPPS,
L. P. LIPPS

Witnesses.

ALBERT ELLIS,
OSCAR L. KRATZSCH.

Two Christine Fires.

The fire department was called to the Columbian Paper Company's mill at 11:30 o'clock Saturday night to extinguish a fire that had its origin in one of the straw stacks near the mill. The timely arrival of the department undoubtedly prevented a big conflagration and only about \$15 worth of straw was burned. Another fire was discovered by some boys at the Massillon Water Supply Company's reservoir at 8:45 last night. The building was smoky and the blaze was kept under control by a bucket brigade until the department arrived, when it was easily quelled. The building was somewhat scorched but the loss was small. It is supposed that the fire was started by tramps dropping matches in some straw on the floor.

THE PRIZE PIANO.

Echoes From the Late Most Popular Teacher Contest.

MR. EDITOR: I wish to make the columns of THE INDEPENDENT the medium for expressing my thanks to all who kindly worked and voted for me in the recent contest. I am not known personally to many of you, but through the columns of this valuable paper I want to say, I thank you one and all. I can not and will not specify to any great extent, but want to say that am especially grateful to my friends, the children, who have so enthusiastically supported me. And furthermore, that my hearty thanks are given to the friends of Sister Josephine who, after the withdrawal of their favorite teacher, kindly voted for myself. I shall value my piano and it will ever speak to me of the good will of my friends whose efforts won it for me. In return I can only say, and say it gratefully, I thank you, thank you!

EMMA KRATZSCH.

Miss Sallie Brannan desires it stated today, that the knowledge of the many friends who cast their piano coupons for her is worth more than dozen pianos, and that the little notes accompanying some of the votes in her favor, like the one mentioned as coming from Cleveland, warmed her heart like old wine. She wishes to express her deepest appreciation of the effort made to give her the popular vote.

SHE STRANGLED TO DEATH.

NORTH LAWRENCE, Dec. 26. - Mrs. Hannah Bolar, aged 64 years, who resides here, strangled to death on Sunday evening, during an epileptic fit.

Mrs. Bolar has been subject to these spells, and was overcome while preparing to retire, falling in such position upon the floor that she strangled before aid could reach her. Mr. Bolar, who was asleep in the room, was awakened by the fall, but did not arise for several moments, hearing no sound.

He finally investigated the matter, and found his wife upon the floor, lifeless. Coroner Conklin was summoned, and will render a verdict of accidental death.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.

MASILLON, fourth ward - Mark W. Watson to the Massillon school board, lots numbering from 1,535 to 1,551, \$2,000.

CANTON, Dec. 27. - Wm. H. Palmer has commenced divorce proceedings in court against Florence Palmer. The plaintiff claims he and the defendant were married at Alliance in 1887, and since that time the latter has been guilty of extreme cruelty repeatedly towards her husband. During the plaintiff's illness with typhoid fever, which rendered him helpless and bedfast, he claims that his wife struck him, called him vile names, and refused to prepare food for him. The wife is next charged with leaving for Pittsburg, telling her helpless husband that she loved another man. The plaintiff therefore prays for a divorce and the custody of their four-year-old child.

THEY DANCED AT CANTON.

A pleasant social event in military circles was the inspection and dance given at Company F's quarters Tuesday night. At 7:30 o'clock thirty eight men fell in line and, in the presence of a large audience, were inspected by Lieutenant Evan Johnson, U. S. A., who complimented the boys on their excellent appearance and the proficiency shown by them in drill work. The drill for the captain's review medal lasted twelve minutes. Private Will Nunnemaker being the last man to go down. Dancing was commenced at 9 o'clock, and as there were plenty of pretty girls present, the remainder of the evening passed pleasantly. Thayer's military orchestra played during the inspection and for dancing. Col. George R. Gyger, Sergeant Major Gyger and Lieutenant Johnson of Alliance; Adjutant W. T. Kuhn of Canton, and the officers of Companies I and L were among the gents.

KNIGHTS CURED IN A DAY.

"Mystic Cure" for Rheumatism and Neuralgia, radically cures in 1 to 3 days. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It removes at once the cause and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly benefits, 75c. Sold by Morganthaler & Heister's druggist, price 75c. per bottle.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury.

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free. Sold by druggists, price 25c. per box.

ASTONISHING FACT.

Suspected by "Comparatively Few." Things that embody the most truth are frequently among the last to be realized. Incredibly as it may seem, one in four has a diseased heart, the early symptoms of which are, short breath, oppression, faint and hungry spells, fluttering, pain in left side, smothering, swollen ankles, dropsey, wind in stomach, etc. Levi Logan, Buchanan, Mich., suffered from heart disease thirty years. Two bottles of Dr. Miles' Heart Cure cured him. "The effects of your New Heart Cure is wonderful." Mrs. Eve Dresser, McGregor, Ia. This favorite remedy is sold by Z. T. Baltzly on a guarantee. Get the doctor's book, "New and Startling Facts," free.

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A NOTION DEALER ASKS.

A damage suit was filed this morning in which Margaret Shaw brings action against the Canton Spring Company praying for judgment in the sum of \$10,000. Christian Shaw, the husband of the plaintiff, was employed as night watchman at the spring company's works. While performing his duty Shaw fell into a well which had been carelessly left open by the men employed by the company and received injuries which caused his death.

A NOTION DEALER ASKS.

Daniel Spotts, a dealer in notions, who conducts a store in this city and one in Wooster, assigned yesterday to Atlee Pomerene. The assets of both stores will amount to \$7,500, and the liabilities will not exceed that sum.

A NEWSPAPER MAN'S MARRIAGE.

Ber Williamson, city editor of the News Democrat, will be married today in Defiance, to Miss Conkle, of that town. Heartiest congratulations will follow this happy event.

FOR BREACH OF PROMISE.

Louise M. Jacquet, of Louisville, has come into court with a petition asking for judgment against Adam T. Pearson for \$6,000. She says they were to have been married on September 27, and that when the day arrived Pearson turned tall and fied and has not since been seen.

SHE WILL PROBABLY DIE.

Miss Maria Link, a domestic employed at C. C. Cook's residence, made a false move with keen knife, while cutting up some taffy, a few days ago, and cut her right thigh in such manner that her death is now expected hourly.

MARRIAGE LICENSES.

Marriage licenses have been granted to Henry C. Le Beau and Susie O. Koehler, of Richville; Emanuel Rose and Elsie Conrad, of Washington township; Wm. H. McLaughlin and Mary Miller, of Massillon; Harry Smith and Edith Wiblebaugh, of Canton, and Barney J. Pash and Eva Abele, of Crystal Springs.

MARRIAGE LICENSES.

Marriage licenses have been granted to William E. Baer and Alice Conrad of Canton; Harmon Hershey and Ada Dyer, of Pierce; J. O. Harrison and Leah Marcham, of Hartville.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.

Massillon Second Ward: W. W. Hazard to Charles Underwood, lot No. 676, \$300.

Massillon Fourth Ward: Brigetta Westhaver to Anna J. Dirgler, 10-100 out of 100 acre, \$160.

The joints and muscles are so lubricated by Hood's Sarsaparilla that all rheumatism and stiffness soon disappears. Get only Hood's

COURT HOUSE AND CANTON.

CANTON, Dec. 26 - Julie Klein, a wealthy saloonkeeper in this city, dropped dead at 5:30 o'clock yesterday afternoon in his place of business, in West Tuscarawas street. Klein conducts two saloons, one in Court street, and of late has been drinking heavily. He was in the act of serving a customer when stricken down. Coroner Conklin's verdict will be death from paralysis of the heart caused by habitual drinking. Klein was 43 years of age and leaves a wife and three children.

A MASSILLON CASE.

John Soison, a W. & L. E. employee at Massillon, was found guilty in probate court, Saturday, of malicious destruction of property. He will be sentenced January 3rd. It was charged that Soison had torn down a staple not on the company's property. He was employed as a building contractor and torn down the stable in question during the erection of the dispatcher's office in that city. The company will support him in the case.

TWO CIVIL PROCEEDINGS.

Orlando Culier has commenced legal proceedings against Christians and William Speck, through Attorneys Pease, Baldwin & Young, to recover judgment in the sum of \$62 60. The amount is alleged to be due the plaintiff on a promissory note given and signed by the defendants. Charles L. Lessingham has commenced proceedings against Charles O. Cook, petitioning for judgment in the sum of \$457.

The will of Martin Wiklund was filed for probate on Saturday. The deceased requested within the will that R. S. Shneid be appointed executor and that the property be equally divided among his heirs.

J. H. ROSS HAS BEEN APPOINTED ADMINISTRATOR OF THE ESTATE OF WILLIAM ROSE, OF WAYNEBURG.

The township trustees will meet on Friday night of this week. They hope that before the meeting takes place that Trustee John McCane will have had grace enough to resign. The story of his alleged disgraceful conduct scandalized the city last week, and the feeling prevails, so Trustee Dangler says, that every day McCane remains in office is another blot upon the community.

EVERY MAN I MEET.

"Every man I meet," says Mr. Daniel Grier, "speaks about McCane. They all want him to get out, and get out quick. He doesn't seem to have a friend in town. Everybody brings to light some new phase in his conduct. He hasn't the courage to demand an investigation and so far he has not shown intelligence enough to resign. For my part, I should think he'd want to retire and get into his hole and pull the hole in after him. We have refrained from holding a special meeting in order to give him a chance to resign."

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury.

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free. Sold by druggists, price 75c. per bottle.

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LOCAL HAPPENINGS.

Discovered this week by Independent Investigators.

J. E. McCoy is in Bridgeport.

James Selway has returned from Illinois.

Richard Johns has returned from Youngstown.

The Rev. E. P. Wise is visiting his father at New Berlin.

James Clause, of Urichsville, is visiting friends in the city.

Miss Sondecker, of Wooster, is the guest of Miss Clara Yost.

Mrs. M. C. Hardgrove is visiting relatives in Cambridge, O.

George Pauli, of Wooster, is visiting his mother, Mrs. Mary Pauli.

Clarence McCollum, of Pittsburg, is visiting relatives in the city.

Miss Nellie Gribble is home from Cleveland to spend the holidays.

Ernest Merrell is visiting his sister, Mrs. Sherman Fox, at Galion, O.

Mr. and Mrs. James Geoghan, of Smithville, are visiting in the city.

Miss Theresa Wittmann is visiting her brother and family in Alliance.

The St. Barbara's church fair at West Brookfield yielded a profit of \$600.

Miss Abbie Eppes, of Urbana, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Otto Von Kanel.

Mr. and Mrs. Tripp, of Cincinnati, are visiting their daughter, Mrs. E. H. Monteith.

Miss Delta Stanbury, who has been visiting friends in Ravenna, has returned home.

Miss Laura Lantzer, of Canton, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. James Wagner, in Water street.

Mrs. Daniel Kitchen and daughters are visiting Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Sladen in Cleveland.

C. L. Downey, of Norwalk, has removed his family to Massillon, and resides in Bank street.

Mrs. Kate Dodd, of Toledo, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Peter Kerstetter, in Muskingum street.

Mrs. Nettie Myers, of Atwater, O., is the guest of her uncle, Mr. T. R. Richmon, in Plum street.

William J. Rose, private secretary to Albert M. Wetter, is visiting his parents in Johnstown, Pa.

Miss Alice Densmore, of Cleveland, is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Alvin Kojoian, in East Cherry street.

Mrs. Lewis Keller and son, of Dunham street, are visiting Mrs. & Mr.父母 in Louisville, Ky.

Mrs. W. Graham, who has been confined to her home with a severe attack of the grip, is slowly improving.

Anton Orone, accompanied by his daughter Helen, left last night for Brooklyn to visit his son, Frank Orone.

Albert M. Wetter has returned from Columbus bringing with him a troupe of seven dogs that do everything but talk.

Mr. J. S. Hageman, of Buffalo, N.Y., spent Christmas with his daughter, Mrs. George E. Dunnington, of Akron street.

Joseph Davenport, of Zoar, will spend the winter with his daughter, Mrs. H. B. Coleman in North East street.

Mrs. H. Cohn, of Cleveland, accompanied by her son, Abraham, is visiting her sister, Mrs. George Goodhart, at the Conrad.

L. W. Davis, of Norton, O., is spending the holidays in this city, the guest of his son-in-law, Rev. W. H. Shultz and family.

Miss Annie Peacock, now of Cambridge, Ind., arrived Saturday and will spend the holidays with her father, James Peacock.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Brider and Miss Ruth Roth, of Youngstown, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Smith, in North Hill street.

John Piper and family are moving their household goods to Fostoria, where Mr. Piper has taken a position with the Harter Milling Company.

The third battalion of the Eighth Regiment, consisting of Co's. D, I, L and F will escort Governor McKinley on the occasion of his second inauguration.

W. H. Stark, master car builder of the W. & L. E. road, has notified Agent E. P. Edgar, of this city, to furnish him with a list of all empty houses in Massillon.

Arrangements are pending for a visit from a slate writing spiritualistic medium, who is just now attracting considerable attention at New Philadelphia.

The fee ordinarily charged for vaccinating children is one dollar for the first operation and 50 cents for succeeding ones, providing the first is unsuccessful.

Mr. and Mrs. James R. Dunn and children, John and Margery, arrived home from Chicago on Saturday and are visiting Mrs. Dunn's mother, Mrs. M. A. Brown.

Each of the fourteen men, of the Ft. Wayne and O. L. & W. yard engine crews received today his annual Christmas present of a turkey, from Jas. Corns, of the Massillon rolling mill.

Adam Holderbaum, of Chico, Butte county, Cal., is visiting his brother, near the city. Mr. Holderbaum left Massillon for California twenty-five years ago, and this is his first visit during that time.

Miss Ida Jones, of West North street, is spending the holidays in Massillon. John Bevington and family, of Massillon, are among the holiday visitors. Will Shavely and family of Massillon, were among the host of Xmas visitors.

Mrs. John Howald, of Akron street, was called to Canal Dover on Christ mass morning by the death of her sister, Mrs. Mary A. Dunlap, formerly of this city, but who moved to Canal Dover five or six years ago. She would have been 50 years old next March.

Miss Bessie Harrison, who is taking

the finishing course in voice culture at the Auditorium Conservatory of Music in Chicago, is making splendid progress under the direction of efficient teachers, and with her fine soprano voice she will be a welcome addition to the ranks of Massillon vocalists.

The managers of the Pennsylvania lines are introducing a new and much improved lamp to replace those now in use in their finest passenger coaches. It makes a light something like the big gas arch lights and is almost as steady. It is called a "Carbontor," and it is very difficult to understand.

W. A. Pietzcker received a box of flowers this morning, picked from his brother Ezra's yard, in Houston, Tex., on Christmas eve. There were roses, carnations, and violets, such as few florists in this part of the country are able to grow in their green houses, and in fair condition in spite of the journey.

Miss Clara Bechel, on North Plum street, was agreeably surprised by a crowd of Massillon young folks, who spent Christmas in a royal manner. An elegant vocal selection was rendered by Mr. George Shauf. Mr. George Early recited the "Mistletoe Bough" in a masterly manner. Miss Clara proved her ability to entertain, for all reported a good time.—Canton Repository.

Elaborate preparations are being made by the members of the German Odd Fellows, Massillon Lodge No. 484, for their New Year's eve entertainment. A large tree with candles and ornaments will be prepared and a programme of music and recitations will be carried out. The Liederkranz society is on the programme for several numbers. A widow and orphans of deceased members will be invited to attend.

Last night a number of Canton teachers and their friends, numbering about twenty in all, came over on an inter-urban car and made their way to the R. C. school, where they gave Mr. Hanna's young people an agreeable surprise. They were equal to the emergency and gave their guests a hearty welcome, and all were soon made to feel at home. The evening was spent in various games and amusements. All returned home feeling delighted with their visit.

Newman.

No pay, as usual, at the Forrest mine and some of the boys were dissatisfied.

Jabez Thomas, of Navarre, circulated among his Newman friends part of last week.

There are over 100 of THE INDEPENDENT piano contest coupons that were not voted, through neglect of the parties expecting to turn them in on Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Masters gave a social party to the young people of our village on Tuesday evening of last week, the occasion being the fourteenth birthday anniversary of their daughter, Melle. The evening was pleasantly spent with various amusements.

The disputed shooting contest between Thomas Temple, of Canal Fulton, and Wm. Brown, of North Lawrence, is likely to be at an end as burglars broke into the stakeholder's house the other evening and stole the money. Boys this is a bad time to have money lie idle, so somebody thought it best to keep it moving.

The exercises at our public schools last Friday were the grandest in every particular we have had for years, and reflect credit on our teachers, Wm. Smith and Miss Jennie Kitt, for the interest manifested in the advancement of their scholars. A large number of householders were in attendance and all were highly pleased with the exercise. The teachers then treated their respective schools with fine candy and oranges, and in return the scholars presented Mr. Smith with an elegant picture and easel, and Miss Kitt with a beautiful toilet set and silk handkerchief. The schools were then dismissed until Tuesday, January 2, 1894.

Our Sunday school Christmas tree exercises, on Sunday evening, was complete, each and every member receiving a present from Santa Claus, and our little folks were made as happy as it was possible to make them.

Our brick works have again opened up their clay mine, giving work to ten miners. Heretofore they had been using surface clay exclusively, which they find does not prove satisfactory, and the burning had been expensive.

Broken in Several Places.

Mrs. Catherine Howald, aged 78 years, who lives with her son, Christ. Howald, at 257 West Tremont street, fell in her room, Wednesday morning, breaking her left leg in several places. Dr. Reid is in attendance. The case is especially serious, because of the advanced age of the patient.

Resolutions of Respect.

Whereas, Death has again entered our midst and taken our worthy and beloved brother, Benjamin Fulton, therefore be it

Resolved, That we sadly feel his loss and submit to the will of an all wise God, Who doeth all things well.

Resolved, That we tender our sympathies to the family in their bereavement, and in memory of the departed our charter be draped in mourning thirty days.

Respectfully,
A. A. MCFARREN,
C. H. STENER,
D. MURRAY.

Committee.

For Spasmodic or Membranous Croup, Brant's Balsam gives quick relief by causing child to throw off false gathering. Full directions with 25 and 50 cent bottles. For sale by F. E. Seaman and Morganthaler & Heister.

Why Don't You

Use Park's Tea for headache constipation and "that tired feeling." It purifies the blood, beautifies the complexion, acts upon the sluggish liver and moves the bowels every day. Only herbs. Safe, sure and pleasant. For sale by Morganthaler & Heister.

Neglected colds cause catarrh and consumption; cure them in season. Brant's Balsam, double usual size for 25 and 50 cents, at Morganthaler & Heister and F. E. Seaman.

Do you want engraving properly done? Anything from a calling card to a wedding invitation. See the Independent Co. for prices.

Do you follow the want columns daily?

GOOD ROADS NEEDED

THE HIGHWAYS OF THE COUNTRY MUST BE IMPROVED.

Why Some Senators Take a Narrow View of it—A Road Building Napoleon Need ed—Bicycles and Draft Dogs in Washington—Townsend's Opinion.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 25.—[Special.]—That was an interesting debate which we had in the senate a few days ago about the petitions for congressional action looking to an improvement of the highway system of the country. Though some senators choose to take the narrow view that the movement should be discouraged because the manufacturers of bicycles are pushing it, the fact still remains that a large number of public men are at this very time giving much thought to the subject of the roads of the country and the best means of securing their improvement. George Alfred Townsend, the famous newspaper correspondent, has had a good deal of influence in favor of this reform. Mr. Townsend was among the first men in this country to perceive the necessity for road improvement, and for a number of years he has advocated the movement with his voice and pen. Mr. Townsend lives about a hundred miles from Washington in Maryland, and has had a splendid opportunity to observe the loss that falls upon every farming community each year through the absence of proper highways or avenues of communication away from the railroads. Mr. Townsend has a very good sermon, which he delivers to senators and representatives and any one else who will listen to him.

Townsend's sermon.

"Some Notes on the Work of the U. S. Coast Survey in S. E. Alaska, accompanied by Stereoscopic Views," by Prof. Henry C. Lord, O. S. U.

Paper—Title to be announced later. By Prof. Edward Orton, State Geologist, O. S. U.

"The Coal and Oil Veneer of the Monongah Mines, Marion county, Va.," by Thomas Middleton Supt.

"The Clays of Ohio and their Manufacture" by Edward Orton, Jr.

"The Development and Equipment of the Coal mine in Pennsylvania," by Frank A. Hay, engineer in charge, Conemaugh, O.

Paper, subject to be announced later, by Prof. E. W. Sperre, O. S. U.

Paper—Title to be announced later by William Phillips, Akron, O.

"Experience with Mines which Generate Fire Damp in the Connellsville Coke Region," by Hon. Frederick Knobell, ex-inspector of Illinois and now superintendent of the Oliver Coke Works, Cuyahoga, Pa.

"On the Barkers' Self-Acting Tipple," illustrated by the artist of a novel, by Henry H. Morrison, consulting M. E. Cleveland, O.

"The Coal Foreman and His Duties," by William Gibbs, M. E. School, Harrison county, O.

"The Recent Development of the No. 2 Coal in Jackson County, O.," by J. A. Ede, M. E. Jackson, O.

"Coal Power," by J. L. Mitchell, Case Doctor, N. S.

"What I Saw in the Connellsville Coke Region," by Capt. J. L. Morris, Card for the U. S. Bureau of Mines.

"The Grounding of the Coal Strike," by E. B. Willard, Hocking Rock, O.

This paper was read at the last meeting, but will be read and discussed by Prof. Edward Orton, state geologist, in accord with a resolution of the board of trustees.

PROF. N. W. LORD.

R. H. HASELTINE, President.

JOHN M'BRIDE'S LETTER.

He Tells What the Coming Organization Should Be.

John McBride having been asked by Jos. R. Buchanan to state his views on the sort of an organization needed, has sent this letter:

As a close observer of organized efforts to ameliorate labor's condition, I fully recognize that the fruition of our hopes and the gratification of our desires cannot be realized so long as we are so divided that we fight by dotted for the establishment of reform measures which would be difficult of accomplishment if attempted by the concerted effort of a united labor force. To carry out the purposes for which labor has organized, and to give greater promise and better results for the future than the present yields, demands, in my judgment, the closing up of the divided ranks of labor by the formation of an alliance which will guarantee concerted action in any movement, and completed along the line of political and economic thought. To unify our forces we must crystallize the varied views of labor leaders and labor organizations, and formulate them into a clean, compact, and tangible platform, embracing the principles of political and economic questions upon which we are all agreed.

It is generally conceded that no man or set of men are as well qualified to legislate upon trade matters as are the tradesmen themselves, and by leaving to the trades unions this particular field of work their hearty and earnest co-operation will be assured any general organization of industrial forces which may be established for the purpose of securing the social, political and economic reforms which the present deplorable and unfortunate conditions of our people demand and their needs require.

The practical and most speedy way to bring about a unification of our forces will be to hold a convention made up of a limited number of delegates from all organized labor bodies in the country. Such a conference would detect and eliminate the defects of our present system of organization, and the good judgment of assembled delegates would provide a sound, safe and comprehensive basis for a newer, grander and more serviceable labor organization than the world ever knew.

John McBride.

I had a severe attack of catarrh and became so deaf I could not hear common conversation. I suffered terribly from roaring in my head. I procured a bottle of Ely's Cream Balm, and in three weeks could hear as well as I ever could, and now I can say to all who are afflicted with the worst of diseases, catarrh, take Ely's Cream Balm and be cured. It is worth \$1.00 to any man, woman or child suffering from catarrh.—A. E. Newman, Grayling, Mich.

Simple, but Lively.

111 drops of water.

Let the grains of sand.

Make the mighty ocean.

And the wind blows.

And dropping into prose, we would

say that Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are mild, but prompt in relieving con-

stipation, sick headache, bilious at-

tacks, pain in the region of kidneys,

torpid liver, and in restoring a healthy,

natural action to the stomach and bow-

els. 25 cents a vial. One pellet a dose.

Little, but lively.

Out of the Jaws of Death

By FRANK BARRETT.

Copyright, 1893, by E. & C. Co., and published by special arrangement.

[CONTINUED.]

I was taken down into the yard, where to my great joy, I found Gordon arrayed in a suit similar to my own, by which I concluded that he was to go away also. I think he was no less pleased to see me. He gave me both hands, and we stood there hand in hand, too grateful to speak at first. "You are going with me?" we said, at last and simultaneously.



"You are going with me?" we said, at last and simultaneously.

"Yes," said he, "though where we are going I can't say."

"Orkutsk, I believe."

"Orkutsk, he? Well, that's got a sort of outlandish sound about it. But what does that matter? We shall come here again before very long, that's a certainty. I let the minister have a pretty straight, I can tell you. Turtledove him with The Times and all sorts of punishment."

A sledge was brought into the yard, for the ground was already covered with snow. It was drawn by three horses, each with a bell in the air over the saddle. Inside there was a lot of baggage and letter bags, for this I believe, was the mail sledge. The driver, however, was not to bring a comfortless sort and the hood was given us a couple of pillows. I found a seat in front. When we were ready to start, a couple of Cossacks came out.

"This is our bodyguard," said Gordon. " Didn't I promise you that we should be treated like princes? A prince! What till I've lit my pipe, and one of us, I know, will be as happy as a king."

The Cossacks, peering in at us, wore the queerest expression imaginable. Never before perhaps had they seen an exile starting out for Orkutsk with such a joyful, happy-go-lucky air as Gordon's.

"Five o'clock," said Gordon, looking at his watch as we passed under the lamp over the gates of the fortress. "They haven't taken a thing from me, though of course I was searched for incriminating papers—not a thing. That's a convincing proof that our detention was merely formal and that we are bound by nothing stronger than red tape in fact, I don't feel like a prisoner. Do you, Sister Aurora?"

It was indeed hard to realize that we were still in the iron grasp of the police when the Cossacks, falling to the rear, were out of sight. My despondent misgivings gave place to the hopeful ideas imparted by my friend, and my spirits rose under the exhilarating influences of the journey. The air, though intensely cold, was bright and clear; the stars shone sharp and bright in the sky; the snow was hard, and the horses sped along swiftly to the musical clash of the bells over their backs.

We did not stop until we reached the posthouse, where the horses were changed. There we had a very good lunch, and after the indispensable cup of tea we started afresh, quite pleased to go on.

"This is something like a journey d'agrement!" said Gordon as he lit another pipe and nestled up in his corner.

"Yes, if there's nothing worse than this," said I, but not at all in a tone of misgiving.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

WE MAKE OUR ESCAPE.

It was getting dark when we overtook a train of miserable convicts marching with clanking chains along the road. About an hour later we reached the estate, where we were to stay for the night.

I had heard much of the horrors of these stations and the loathsome "kameras" or sleeping places, in which the convicts were herded, and I had seen them in the collections of paintings exhibited by Taras. I was therefore astonished to find the log hut in which I passed the night so decent and habitable. It was not overcrowded. There was a rough carpet on the floor, and the only real hardship was the absence of bed and bedding, for we had to sleep on a sloping board and in our clothes.

I was much better off than my companion, who was thrust into a den built to accommodate 250 prisoners, with no less than 710 criminals of all sorts, and the horrors of that night were, I believe, than he could make light of, for he was extremely reticent upon the subject. All that he told me was that he had found no room to lie down and had breathed a little atmosphere of his own by smoking all night.

"However," he said cheerfully, "that's all past, and I shall make up for a sleepless night by a good long snooze this afternoon—if we don't come to the end of our journey before."

We went on by another mail sledge, but with the same guard who had left St. Petersburg with us.

These two Cossacks never left us throughout our long journey, which continued without any break, save the nightly halt at a convict station, for three weeks after we had passed through Moscow. Soon after leaving that city behind us I noticed a change in poor Gordon. His spirits seemed to be losing their elasticity, his gayety to be a little forced, his pipe more necessary.

But despite the bitter reflections that must have arisen to his mind his attitude toward me displayed no sign of animosity. There was no lapse in his gentleness and tender consideration for my comfort. His kindness was unvarying. Our common misfortune, which I thought would imitate our hearts, served only as a link of sympathy to hold us together.

Gordon still spoke hopefully, though at rare and rarer intervals, of our being recalled to St. Petersburg, but for my part I had quite abandoned the hope of any reversion of our fate when an accident occurred which gave a new turn to our fortunes.

One night I was awakened by a strange outcry of distant voices. As I turned upon the wooden platform that served as my

bed, I saw that a party of men had broken into the hut, and that they were upon us.

The kamera was full of smoke—choked us as we breathed, and through the small opening a dull red glow fell upon us. When we perceived that it was not our kamera, but another, which was in flames, we concluded that it must be in one in which the men were confined, and shrieked the names of our friends we rushed at the door, vainly trying to break it open. The muffled clamor of voices told us that the men were still shut up. Suddenly there was a great outburst of voices as they forced their door, and the next instant they were crying to us from the outside of our hut and beating furiously at the door which separated us. We stood back as the heavy panels creaked under the pressure of sturdy shoulders, and presently a mighty thrust burst the lock away, and the door flew back.

In the midst of the wild confusion that followed I felt my arms grasped and found Gordon by my side.

"Come along, little woman. Don't give way; there's a brick—it's all right."

Half fainting with fright and the suffocating effect of the dense smoke blowing down upon us, I staggered along by his side, past a crowd of panic-stricken wretches surging about the gate of the yard in expectation of its being opened for them to escape, and then through a shower of sparks and a roaring and crackling mass of fire into an open space where it was possible to breathe freely and get a comprehensive idea of what was going on.

This stage, like most others, consisted of four or five log buildings of single story, enclosed by a high palisade of solid logs, planted side by side, and each cut to a sharp point at the top. One of the buildings, used as a storehouse and carpenters' shop, had taken fire, and the wind, which was blowing fiercely, carried the flames and smoke down upon the kamera. The end of that one in which Gordon had been shut up was already blazing, and it looked as if all the huts in succession must catch fire and be destroyed. For the officials could do nothing to extinguish the flames and were solely occupied in dragging what movables were worth saving into the space where we and a few others stood.

A sledge was brought into the yard, for the ground was already covered with snow. It was drawn by three horses, each with a bell in the air over the saddle. Inside there was a lot of baggage and letter bags, for this I believe, was the mail sledge. The driver, however, was not to bring a comfortless sort and the hood was given us a couple of pillows. I found a seat in front. When we were ready to start, a couple of Cossacks came out.

"This is our bodyguard," said Gordon. " Didn't I promise you that we should be treated like princes? A prince! What till I've lit my pipe, and one of us, I know, will be as happy as a king."

The Cossacks, peering in at us, wore the queerest expression imaginable. Never before perhaps had they seen an exile starting out for Orkutsk with such a joyful, happy-go-lucky air as Gordon's.

"Five o'clock," said Gordon, looking at his watch as we passed under the lamp over the gates of the fortress. "They haven't taken a thing from me, though of course I was searched for incriminating papers—not a thing. That's a convincing proof that our detention was merely formal and that we are bound by nothing stronger than red tape in fact, I don't feel like a prisoner. Do you, Sister Aurora?"

It was indeed hard to realize that we were still in the iron grasp of the police when the Cossacks, falling to the rear, were out of sight. My despondent misgivings gave place to the hopeful ideas imparted by my friend, and my spirits rose under the exhilarating influences of the journey. The air, though intensely cold, was bright and clear; the stars shone sharp and bright in the sky; the snow was hard, and the horses sped along swiftly to the musical clash of the bells over their backs.

We did not stop until we reached the posthouse, where the horses were changed. There we had a very good lunch, and after the indispensable cup of tea we started afresh, quite pleased to go on.

"This is something like a journey d'agrement!" said Gordon as he lit another pipe and nestled up in his corner.

"Yes, if there's nothing worse than this," said I, but not at all in a tone of misgiving.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

WE MAKE OUR ESCAPE.

It was getting dark when we overtook a train of miserable convicts marching with clanking chains along the road. About an hour later we reached the estate, where we were to stay for the night.

I had heard much of the horrors of these stations and the loathsome "kameras" or sleeping places, in which the convicts were herded, and I had seen them in the collections of paintings exhibited by Taras. I was therefore astonished to find the log hut in which I passed the night so decent and habitable. It was not overcrowded. There was a rough carpet on the floor, and the only real hardship was the absence of bed and bedding, for we had to sleep on a sloping board and in our clothes.

I was much better off than my companion, who was thrust into a den built to accommodate 250 prisoners, with no less than 710 criminals of all sorts, and the horrors of that night were, I believe, than he could make light of, for he was extremely reticent upon the subject. All that he told me was that he had found no room to lie down and had breathed a little atmosphere of his own by smoking all night.

"However," he said cheerfully, "that's all past, and I shall make up for a sleepless night by a good long snooze this afternoon—if we don't come to the end of our journey before."

We went on by another mail sledge, but with the same guard who had left St. Petersburg with us.

These two Cossacks never left us throughout our long journey, which continued without any break, save the nightly halt at a convict station, for three weeks after we had passed through Moscow. Soon after leaving that city behind us I noticed a change in poor Gordon. His spirits seemed to be losing their elasticity, his gayety to be a little forced, his pipe more necessary.

But despite the bitter reflections that must have arisen to his mind his attitude toward me displayed no sign of animosity. There was no lapse in his gentleness and tender consideration for my comfort. His kindness was unvarying. Our common misfortune, which I thought would imitate our hearts, served only as a link of sympathy to hold us together.

Gordon still spoke hopefully, though at rare and rarer intervals, of our being recalled to St. Petersburg, but for my part I had quite abandoned the hope of any reversion of our fate when an accident occurred which gave a new turn to our fortunes.

One night I was awakened by a strange outcry of distant voices. As I turned upon the wooden platform that served as my

bed, I saw that a party of men had broken into the hut, and that they were upon us.

CHAPTER XXXV.

WE MAKE AN OUSING OF A STANCE.

Darkness compels us to keep on the outskirts of the forest for within the obscurity was so impenetrable that we should have had to grope our way from tree to tree, only to be found, when light came, that we had been traveling in a circle. The glow of the smoldering kameras at least indicated the direction we were not to take, and the light of the stars was sufficient to enable us to keep a tolerably straight course. We were cheerful enough as we plodded on. Only, as it began to grow light, we cast apprehensive glances behind us for pursuing Cossacks, but not a speck rose out of the great white plain. The remains of the stage were lost to sight. There was no sign of habitation or living creature between us and the dark line of far distant forest which bounded the horizon.

"It's odd," said Gordon in a tone of perplexity, after looking about on the snow around us, "it's odd that there are no marks of feet. I saw by the ticket on the wall last night that there were 600 and odd in the kameras, and one would think that some of that number surely would take the path we have chosen. There were but two ways to go."

It was a mystery to me also, but I thought it an advantage, for the majority of the convicts we had passed on the road were horrible looking villains, the number of unshackled prisoners—men exiled for political offenses—being very small indeed. Besides this, it seemed to me that the fewer footprints there were in the snow the less likelihood there was of pursuit being made in our direction, as there would certainly be a better chance of making captives in the other.

As it grew lighter, we also struck into the forest and sat down under a canopy of frozen snow spread over the meeting boughs of the great pines.

We were not cold, for there was no wind, and exercise had thoroughly warmed our blood, but we were tired, and already hunger was suggesting the question, "What are we to eat?"

"It only leads to a farm, we're all right. No one would be so inhuman as to refuse us food, seeing how pinched and done up we are. If, on the other hand, it leads to a town—why, then, we stand a good chance of being made prisoners again. Besides this, it seemed to me that the fewer footprints there were in the snow the less likelihood there was of pursuit being made in our direction, as there would certainly be a better chance of making captives in the other.

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CHRISTMAS CHEER NOTES.

CONCOMITANTS OF THE HOLLY AND THE MISTLETOE.

Mrs. Baylies Tells About the Noel Season—The Story of Asa Loki—The Pudding and Brandy Sauce—How to Roast the Goose—Trimmings for the Feast.

As the time of the winter solstice approaches, the people of the world make preparation to celebrate the greatest festival of the year. It is the world's time for a great feast; for the harvest is ended, the summer past and the old year well nigh spent. All nations and all religions, Greeks, Romans, Jews, Mohammedans, Christians, and many others, all alike, take this season to celebrate their most important feast. The enlightenment of the age cannot possibly conceive of the sacrificial feasts of the long time ago; when not only animals, but human beings were sacrificed. In the tenth century "King Hacon the Good," tried to abolish those heathenish rites and to substitute the Christmas celebration. But he failed, and it was many long years before his will prevailed and the Christmas festival became established. Grimm tells us that in the twelfth century the Druids held the "Oak ceremonial," and from them we borrowed our delightful custom of burning the "Yule log," Yule being the ancient name of Christ-mas.

Another of our most charming customs of the Christmas tide comes to us from the Druids. It is the use of the mistletoe, which was held in great reverence by them. One who has seen it growing in the country of the ancient Druids tells us that at a distance it looks like a huge bird's nest, made of numerous sprays and twigs, all matted together and resting on a tree, but on nearer inspection is found to be the pretty mistletoe growing on a holly tree. It is said to be propagated by the birds. Its use at the Christmas tide comes to us from another and much more poetic source. Across the Atlantic, far northward, on the European continent, lie the lands of high mountains and deep vales, snow fields, glaciers and fjords, and what is more interesting still is that it is Norway, the land of the midnight sun. This land is rich in legend and Saga, and from the mythology and customs of the Norsemen we have taken some of our most charming customs of the "Yule tide." The Norse myth of the mistletoe, or more properly of "Baldur, the god of light," is a quaint Sage, and those who are acquainted with it will recall it, and those who are not, may like to know. Baldur was the strong, young and handsome son of Thor and Frigga, and was the "god of light" in the mythological world, and was much loved for his attributes of love and brightness. But, as in the world of reality, there were jealous, gossipy nature that hated him for these very attributes.

Chief among them, was one Asa Loki, god of darkness and sin. In his jealous hatred, he determined on the destruction of Baldur. But he told no one, and bided his time. As coming evil events are said to cast their shadows before, Frigga, mother of Baldur, became possessed of premonitions of evil to her dear son. Her nights were made hideous by horrible dreams, which she interpreted as meaning danger to her son, and there was no peace anywhere to be found for the yearning, loving heart of the mother. So she started out to protect him, if possible, from all danger. She journeyed everywhere, exacting promises from everything in the heavens above, the earth beneath and the waters under the earth, and in hades, that none of them would harm Baldur. Then when she returned to her own country, she found that in her eager haste she had taken no pledge from the mistletoe. In remorse she opened her heart to the one most unworthy of her confidence, Asa Loki, bitter enemy of Baldur. She told him what way off that far away, land was the mistletoe, and that she had exacted no pledge from it. This he pondered in his wicked heart. The great love of Frigga for Baldur enveloped him like a coat of mail, and rendered him invulnerable, like Achil-les, and it was one of the favorite pastimes of the gods to have Baldur stand up as a mark, at which other gods directed their missiles. These attacks he received unharmed. Nothing had power to harm him but the mistletoe, and that was in a far off country. When the gods were preparing for their winter festival, at the time of the winter solstice, Asa Loki traveled to a far Southern country, where the mistletoe grew, and gathering some, he made a spear and fashioned the head of the mistletoe. Then he returned to his own country, and when it was time for the winter festival he took his spear with him. And when Baldur stood up in all his strength and beauty Asa Loki said within himself: "You shall surely die." So he called Hod, the blind god, and asked him why he did not take part in the sport. Hod replied that he could not, for he was blind. Then Asa Loki said he would direct his missile for him. This he gladly assented to, and Asa Loki, putting his own spear in the hand of Hod, directed it. Hod hurled it, and it went into Baldur's heart. And thus went out all the light and brightness in that mythological land, on the eve of the shortest day in the year. So with the Norwegian the use of the mistletoe is an emblem of this myth, and its use has come down to us through the long and shadowy vale of "many a year," as also our festival of the Christmas tide, and we are startled to find ourselves once more, on the eve of the very day, with the ever recurring thought that it is not possible that Christmas time has come round once more, with all its pleasant duties.

Perhaps, as the all important day draws nigh, no subject occupies the mind of the busy housekeeper more than the Christmas dinner. There would seem to be some strangely kindred sympathy between a man's heart and his stomach, for when a man's heart is full of joy one of the first things he does is to fill the latter with something choice to eat. Thus among all people in all countries and in all stages of the world, it has been the in-

variable custom to celebrate with a feast every joyous occasion from the cradle to the golden wedding. The dish indispensable for the Christmas dinner is plum pudding, and it justly claims one of the oldest places in Christmas cookery. An ancient authority calls it plum porridge, and gives these directions for its preparation: Take one gallon of beef or mutton broth, boil thoroughly in a large pot, then thicken with brown bread, and add two pounds of raisins, two pounds of currants, one pound of prunes, spice with cloves, mace and ginger and a little salt; stir well. The plum pudding of these days would bear little resemblance to the plum pudding of those days. Many Americans are partial to English plum pudding, but the manner of the making is as different as the localities in which they are made. One who was born and reared not so very many miles from "Lundontown" has told us how it was made in that part of England, in their young days.

Long before Christmas the pudding was made, and every member of the family took a hand at stirring, from the oldest to the youngest. During the process new pieces of silver money were put in, which were afterward collected for the cook. The mistress of the house put in a thimble and a ring. When the pudding is served the young person who gets the ring will be married within the year; but woe to the unmarried who gets the thimble, for they will remain unmarried all their lives. Although the pudding was made weeks before Christmas, it was put away carefully and not touched until Christmas day.

For our part, we prefer the American plum pudding, believing it to be lighter, more digestible and delectable than the English. The following recipe for pudding and sauce will be found excellent: Two cups of fine bread crumbs, two cups of sugar, 1 pound of beef suet chopped fine, 1 teaspoonful of salt, 1 teaspoonful of cloves, 2 of cinnamon, 2 nutmegs grated, 1 cup of sweet milk, 4 eggs well beaten, 2 teaspoonfuls of baking powder mixed with a little flour, 2 pounds of seeded raisins, 2 pounds of currants, 1 pound of citron: flour the fruit well, and lastly add enough flour to make stiff; wet a bag or mould, put the pudding in and steam or boil three and one-half hours; if boiled, put a plate in the bottom of the pot, to prevent burning; it must be watched carefully, and as the water boils away it must be renewed with hot water. Sause: Cream together 2 cups of sugar and a good half cup of butter, yolks of two eggs well beaten and added to butter and sugar, half a grated nutmeg, a pinch of salt, one quart of water and brandy to taste. Soil until thick, stirring constantly. Then, if one wishes to be very festive, serve the pudding on a handsome platter, surrounded by a wreath of holly, and just before serving pour over brandy and touch a lighted match to it. It is brought to the table in flaming glory, very pretty to look at and emitting a delicious odor. The skill of the hostess is put to the test to serve each person with a piece still flaming.

In making the bag, it is a good plan to widen from bottom to top, as the pudding is the more easily removed. An American lady who spent a delightful Christmas in Germany a few years ago has given us a recipe for what might be called a German plum pudding. She ate of the pudding and pronounced it excellent. Recipe: Two cups of rice boiled until tender in milk, then stir in three-fourths of a cup of sugar, 1 cup of candied fruit, three eggs beaten separately, and a pinch of salt, mix and pour into a wet bag and steam or boil one hour and a half. To be eaten hot with wine or brandy sauce, any kind of sauce may be used to suit taste.

On the same occasion roast goose was served and the manner of preparation would be I believe superior to the orthodox American way (sage and onions) as it would not be so strong. Boil twenty-five chestnuts ten minutes, remove both dark and thin inner skin, then to the range and boil until tender, and chop fine, take two pints of fine bread or biscuit crumbs and fry brown in butter in a hot skillet, then pour in enough water or milk to wet the crumbs slightly, add the chestnuts and a cup of dried currants, one large tart apple sliced and a pinch of salt, mix and fill both openings of the goose, tie the wings down and place goose in a greased baking pan, dust with salt and fine cracker crumbs, add water and bake, renewing water when necessary. Baste every twenty minutes; when the goose is delicately browned, cover with a pan until nearly done, remove the pan and finish browning. Make gravy like turkey gravy.

The German house wife served with the goose, some fine plums, also spiced cherries; brandied cherries or peaches are nice to serve with any kind of game or poultry. The French serve entremets with their excellent dinner, a bit of flaky pie crust, baked in pastry pans and then filled with any kind of preserves, a couple spoonfuls of marmalade is put on each and slightly browned in a hot oven. To make marmalade: To the white of an egg beaten to a stiff froth, add two heaping tablespoons of sugar, whipped cream instead of marmalade is used. A nice sweet sauce to serve is made in this way: Take the juice of one quart can of pine apple, add one cup of water and one very large cup of sugar, let boil until thick as syrup, then add a cup of sherry wine and slices of pine-apple, stand where it will simmer for half an hour, put away to cool, to serve with roast, poultry or game.

One of the best concomitants of a rich dinner is a Roman punch: "Thou soft, thou sober sage, and venerable frozen liquid," says Oliver—we may therefore suppose its virtues to have been appreciated by some of the great folks of the past. To make frozen punch: Take the juice of four oranges, one pound of sugar, one-fourth pint of rum, one-fourth pint of port wine, two quarts of water, freeze same as ice cream, when nearly done add the whites of four eggs beaten stiff, then finish freezing.

"There's pippins and cheese to come!"—Merry Wives.

To make cheese straws: Four ounces of flour, four ounces of butter, one ounce of grated cheese, white of an egg beaten to a stiff froth, roll very thin, cut in strips and bake in a quick oven.

"Wine warms the blood and makes the spirits flow"—Barber—for ourselves, we think nothing more conducive to the "feast of reason and flow

of soul" than

"The sober berry's juice, the slaves bear (Byron). But above all, let us take to the Christmas feast, hearts filled to overflowing with good fellowship. The spirit of the season is "God will to man" It is right and meet, that at this time, rejoicing and feasting should be the order of our day, but not to the utter exclusion of nobler things. But let us not forget, in this gladsome time that the "poor we have with us always" CARRIE ZIELLEY BAYLIES.

CARKEEK ON CULTURE.

A TALK ON TRAINING BY THE WELL KNOWN ATHLETE.

Some Good Sound Advice on Proper Care to be Given the Body, Worthy of a Careful Reading by Everybody—The Sound Mind and Sound Body Go Together.

In the limited space of a newspaper article only a brief outline of the good results of systematic exercise can be given. That physical exercise is essential to health cannot be doubted. It is not necessary that every one who trains should aim or ever wish to become an athlete. There are modified forms or degrees as there are in other duties of life. We do not ask a man to take away any time from his business, but we do ask him to give thirty or forty minutes each day to bodily exercise. The man who meditates on cast columns and the state of market will say: "I have not the time." How strange it seems that these men can find time for almost everything except that which will keep the body in a state of good health. The object to be attained by a thorough course of physical training depends greatly upon the contest he expects to enter into and may be thus described:

The removal of superfluous fat and water. The increased constitutional power of the muscles. The increased endurance of lasting power. Wind; that is the power of deep breathing and circulating the blood steadily without violent exertion. To arrive at these conclusions get up not later than 7 a.m., sponge and rub yourself until the skin is red; a dry rub with a good soft towel is quite as good; then dress, take a walk for a couple of blocks, fill your lungs all the time you walk; walking, running, skipping the rope, raising the heels from the floor, the working of dumb-bells, Indian club, pulley or chest weights, and boxing, fencing and calisthenic exercises are the best exercises and can all be taken at home, in the store, or in the office. This will expand the chest, render the joints supple and will impart to the person grace, ease and steadiness of carriage, combined with strength, elasticity and quickness of movements.

Daring feats such as the giant swing upon the horizontal bar, lifting very heavy weights and jumping from great height are seldom ever taught in a gymnasium and executed only at the owner's risk. There is something more than exercise required; it is to live regularly and be temperate in all things, and to be of a cheerful mind and of a good moral character. It is difficult task to train a man who has had a sound constitution, but by mismanagement, the use of liquor, tobacco and keeping of late hours, has injured his health.

To secure the good results of physical culture, it must be taught, as every other branch of education, systematically and by a competent teacher. To be compete at teacher it is absolutely necessary to know something about anatomy, in order to enumerate and point out the imperfections and weak parts of a pupil. From a practical experience of several years in this kind of work, I am firmly impressed with the necessity of physical training in order to advance athletic culture. Always exercise according to your general trait of life and harmony to your body. Either never attempt or else accomplish. Have an affection for your work—affection is as necessary as clothes are to the body.

On the same occasion roast goose was served and the manner of preparation would be I believe superior to the orthodox American way (sage and onions) as it would not be so strong. Boil twenty-five chestnuts ten minutes, remove both dark and thin inner skin, then to the range and boil until tender, and chop fine, take two pints of fine bread or biscuit crumbs and fry brown in butter in a hot skillet, then pour in enough water or milk to wet the crumbs slightly, add the chestnuts and a cup of dried currants, one large tart apple sliced and a pinch of salt, mix and fill both openings of the goose, tie the wings down and place goose in a greased baking pan, dust with salt and fine cracker crumbs, add water and bake, renewing water when necessary. Baste every twenty minutes; when the goose is delicately browned, cover with a pan until nearly done, remove the pan and finish browning. Make gravy like turkey gravy.

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One of the best concomitants of a rich dinner is a Roman punch: "Thou soft, thou sober sage, and venerable frozen liquid," says Oliver—we may therefore suppose its virtues to have been appreciated by some of the great folks of the past. To make frozen punch: Take the juice of four oranges, one pound of sugar, one-fourth pint of rum, one-fourth pint of port wine, two quarts of water, freeze same as ice cream, when nearly done add the whites of four eggs beaten stiff, then finish freezing.

"There's pippins and cheese to come!"—Merry Wives.

To make cheese straws: Four ounces of flour, four ounces of butter, one ounce of grated cheese, white of an egg beaten to a stiff froth, roll very thin, cut in strips and bake in a quick oven.

"Wine warms the blood and makes the spirits flow"—Barber—for ourselves, we think nothing more conducive to the "feast of reason and flow

of soul" than

"The sober berry's juice, the slaves bear (Byron). But above all, let us take to the Christmas feast, hearts filled to overflowing with good fellowship. The spirit of the season is "God will to man" It is right and meet, that at this time, rejoicing and feasting should be the order of our day, but not to the utter exclusion of nobler things. But let us not forget, in this gladsome time that the "poor we have with us always" CARRIE ZIELLEY BAYLIES.

IN THE EARLY DAYS.

The great first children journeyed through the countries, lonely then, With all their sheep and little ones, Their cattle and their men.

And kept themselves in tribes apart For awe of the great plains, And learned the length of days and nights, Of summers and of rains.

And saw no other men through all The blue horizons wide, Save their own kind, who came to birth And marched and sang and died.

And left the mark of well pitch'd tents, Of footprints in the dew, And tracks of beaten, billowed grass Their flocks had pastured through.

And sometimes on a mountain top They stood among their spears, And gazed across an unknown sea Into the unknown years.

And sometimes o'er a silent plain, As endless as the sky, A child from lands unknown would come And meet them eye to eye.

And they would gaze and love and speak And rest awhile, and then Each journeyed past with all his sheep, His cattle and his men.

—Alice Archer Sewell in Harper's Monthly.

HE DOUBTED HER.

The fishing fleet had set out early in the morning. The atmosphere was very clear, and the boats could still be seen in the distance, strung out in a long line across the horizon, between the Criel beach and the Pointe de Cayeux.

A few sailors' wives, children and old men still loitered on the jetty, all in excellent humor, for with such weather there should certainly be a fine haul of fish. The sea was admirably blue, but lashed by the wind it broke into little waves, which rushed, white-capped, toward the shore.

"Do you see it yet, mamma?" asked a little fellow who had strolled away from school that morning in order to see his father start with the fleet.

His sailors found him rougher than before and more irascible. He often returned to Treport on Sunday morning and left again the same evening, without a night's rest.

One week he came back on Tuesday, and the news spread that the St. Laurent had brought back the corpse of a drowned man. According to the custom of that part of the coast, Master Fournier had given orders to return to port, losing his catch of fish, in order to bury the dead.

He would have remained a long time watching his father's sleep as it grew smaller and smaller in the distance, but his mother led him away. They must go back to the house to their work.

They loitered along the harbor, which had lost its animation now that its fleet of fishing craft was gone.

On the side toward the town a few small boats were waiting till the sea went down a little before venturing out, and on the other side half a dozen ships were discharging their cargoes of coal and taking on phosphates.

Mme. Fournier stopped mechanical in the middle of the quay to look at a fine English three master, the Harding, which came every week with a cargo of coal. A sailor, leaning on the rail of the ship, saw her and waved his cap gayly to her. She turned away and hurried up the Rue de la Falaise to her home.

Two hours later the loungers of the Rue de la Falaise were greatly surprised to see Master Fournier, the owner of the fishing sloop T 672, hastening angrily homeward.

He had not entered the house before his neighbors had run to learn the reason of his sudden return.

Why had he come back?

It was that way that they had of leaving port, with all sail set, whatever the weather, which was known all up and down the coast as "Treport sailing."

Her backstay had been broken, and Fournier had had to come back to port for repairs. These were already under way, and once he had his men at work he had come up to see his wife a moment.

"Your wife—she has gone out, but she will be back directly."

He was pouring himself a glass of thin wine from the pitcher he had drawn that morning before leaving, when he noticed the inkstand open on the table and the pen beside it, still wet with ink.

It was his son's pen and inkstand, but as the little fellow never wrote during the day he concluded that his wife must have been writing. Almost at the same moment he noticed a letter in the blue vase on the mantel, and without thinking he opened it and read:

Mme. Fournier:

I love you more than I can tell. I implore you to set a time when we can meet. You are free—your husband is gone.

HARRY EVANS.

"My God!" cried Fournier, "Harry Evans!"

He was the answer written to the handsome English sailor by Mme. Fournier:

Sir I love my husband. That is the sole answer I can make to your letter. I shall say nothing to my husband, for he would kill you. Never come here again.

"Wife, do you forgive me?"

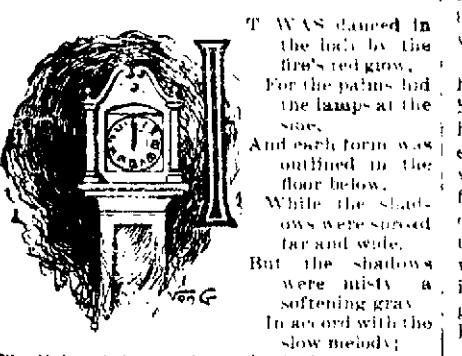
"Oh, my poor husband, how you have suffered!"

From that day Master Fournier grew young and gay again, but nothing can keep him from going out with all sail set.—Translated For San Francisco Argonaut From the French of Pierre Sales.

The Age of Senator Harris.

<

THE MINUET.



THE light of the fire drove the dark lines away,
While it lent all a sweet mystery.

Both dancers were courtly and figures of grace.

Yet the maid held my fancy alone,
The glow gave a blush to her beautiful face.
In her dark eyes a fairer light shone,
And then as she cooed, so softly, so slow,
With the grace of an age that is past,
It seemed like a dream of the long, long ago—

Like a dream that I knew could not last.

So stately, so slow, was each step that she made.

And so graceful the head that she bent;

The old fashioned fan, that at times cast a shade,

Such an air of true elegance lent;

The place of the dance gave a place to my thought.

And I dreamed of the days that are dead;

The spell of the dance was by sorcery wrought,

And the hurrying modern days fled.

It was peace—the sweet rest of the old days;

When all idols were not overthrown

What romance still lived, and as king Love held sway,

Before Mammon to rule had grown.

And all those who watched were bewitched by the dance,

And they dreamed till the measure was over.

Today was forgot in the short backward glance,

And the charms of the day gone before.

—Lived Scott Mines.



NANINE.

BY J. H. CONELLY.

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CHAPTER I.

The most exciting New Year's I ever spent, said the old manager, owed its excitement altogether to a woman who she was no more to me than Adam's grandmother, supposing for ever had one, and I had no more personal interest in her than I have in the domestic concerns of the man in the moon.

It was the winter I put the French Circus troupe from New Orleans on the stage of the old National theater. The company was a very fine one, times were good, a winter circus proved a profitable novelty for the public, but I never repeated the experiment. The possibilities involved in circus life are a little too stirring for me, however.

A strong feature in our programme, up to and including New Year's day, was the "Wild Beast Den" act, by M. Alphonse Dubose, but after the date I have specified it was omitted. M. Dubose used to go in among his lion, tiger and leopard, and in one cage and toy with them thinking no more apparently of the probability of their lunging upon him than if they had been spaniels. All the wild beast tamer I have ever seen have been fine looking fellows, powerful and handsome, as I suppose they have to be to command the respect of



A TENDER CHAT.

the savage animals, who doubtless have an innate sense of a standard of physical perfection; but Dubose was by long odds the most magnificent specimen of a man I ever saw in the business. He was big for a Frenchman, but so finely proportioned that you would not realize his size unless you stood beside him. And a strange thing in him was that, though his complexion was dark and his hair and mustache black as jet—natural, too, not dyed his large eyes were of a light blue, with steady gray glints, and he seemed able to flash fire from them when he roused.

In our own circus companies as a rule, except those which in late years profited heavily spectacles, women are in the minority, but the French system, in the organization of all entertainments meant to catch the popular fancy, is to put on plenty of women—the more the merrier and that holds good in their circuses as well as everywhere else. There were more handsome girls and women in that French troupe than would have been thought necessary in any three American circuses of that day—not simply performers of special acts, though there were a good many of them, but a whole raft full who seemed to be under salary for no other earthly use than standing around and looking pretty, which I must say they did to perfection.

One of the most striking of the whole lot was a trapeze performer, billed as Mlle. Nanine Lascelles, a large limbed, voluptuous looking creature, with glorious black eyes and lips as red as blood in the sunshine. She and Dubose made a splendid pair and seemed to be together a good deal, more because she wanted it that way than from any effort of his. A man, you know, is often injudiciously enthusiastic in demonstrating his interest in a woman whose appearance attracts him, and it is his nature then to stand him off and affect indifference, but after a time he is liable to relax his ardor and show a disposition to give up the game. Then it is a hundred chances to one that the woman's natural contrariness will assert itself and instead of letting him go she holds on all the tighter, and as he cools off she heats, so that the general average of fervor is maintained and perhaps even raised.

That is about the point to which Alphonse and Nanine had got. Of course I did not know anything about all this from my own observation at the time, for there were too many of them, and they were a good deal too lively, for me to take any particular notice of their goings on; but

when the pot finally boiled over I naturally made some pretty close inquiries to find the fire got under it, and so obtained the whole story.

On New Year's eve Nanine and Dubose had quite a lively scene in the wings. She had just learned of M's living, given a very handsome little watch as a Christmas present to a girl named Babette Paulard, who was of no particular account from a professional point of view being simply one of the grand entree equestriennes and beauties but exceedingly pretty. Babette was one of those milk and roses company joined little girls, plump as a pinhead, golden haired, and had the daintiest little hands and feet imaginable.

One would hardly think to see a sly point of her hips and roguish sparkle in her eyes that she was such a very good girl as everybody said she was, but Dubose doubtless knew it, for he was so thoroughly in love with her that he purposed marriage, and she was quite as fond of him. And the first thing Nanine knew of it all was when some mischievous master told her about the wench. That set her flaming, at which she attacked him with reproaches, regardless of who might hear her, denouncing his "bathlessness" and threatening to be revenged upon him if he "proposed false" to her. Of course I don't know what right she had to talk to him in that fashion, and it's none of my business. I'm simply stating the facts.

He quieted her down as well as he could, but unhappily she was not so amenable to the discipline of his eyes as the cat animals in the cage were, and her subjugation was far from complete. He and she knew best what promises he made, if any, and what excuses. Doubtless he said anything that suggested itself as temporarily soothing, for a man naturally wants to put a stop to a scene of that sort. But an hour later a good opportunity occurred for a little tender chat and lovemaking with Mlle. Babette in a dark corner of the stage. Perhaps she purposely made the opportunity, for even the gentlest woman loves to triumph over a rival, but she would hardly have been so impudent, I imagine, had she for a moment dreamed of the tragic possibilities she involved.

Nanine had a brother in the troupe, a drunken fellow, past middle age, who had been a good clown in his day, but broken



and gilded wood, full two feet high in front and on the ends, but not more than six inches at the back. The three compartments into which the cage was divided were readily thrown into one by his swinging back the two partitions as he entered the center one, inhabited by the lion. The tiger roared in one end space, the leopard in the other, and three finer animals of their respective kinds than those were I have never seen. They were young, vigorous, in fine condition and did not seem to me any too well broken, but he did not seem to be any more afraid of them than if they had been rabbits. I noticed, however, that always before he entered the cage a couple of long iron rods were heated white hot at a charcoal briar in the wings and kept in readiness there until he left the "den." It was no small job at each performance to roll that huge structure with its heavy and dangerous freight in from the old warehouse on the back temporarily engaged for the circus' use through the long, low, narrow passageway, under the "lites" and out to its place on the stage.

That afternoon Dubose sprang in among his savage pets looking his best and in high spirits. They greeted him with their usual demonstration of snarls, growls and menacing displays of formidable teeth and claws, but a few sharp cuts with his heavy hippo-potamus hide whip quickly set them scurrying around him and leaping over his head in terror of his mastery. Presently that always before he entered the cage a couple of long iron rods were heated white hot at a charcoal briar in the wings and kept in readiness there until he left the "den." It was no small job at each performance to roll that huge structure with its heavy and dangerous freight in from the old warehouse on the back temporarily engaged for the circus' use through the long, low, narrow passageway, under the "lites" and out to its place on the stage.

"We have caught her!" shouted her captors to him. "It was her work!" He looked sharply at her, coldly at them, as if not in

understanding.

"She had hidden herself on the cage, concealed by my trap," they explained to him, "and threw in the blood to set the beast crazy. She said they should kill you."

Nanine, looking down at the gory wreath of a man, her feet, trembled like a leaf in the wind, nor features worked convulsively and she seemed self-convicting.

Faintly gasping, but with distinctness Dubose replied, "You are mistaken. You are not willing to admit the house of representatives is likely to fall into the hands of the opposition. But after the last of

position to the new tariff, bill shall have its influence at the coming congressional elections they expect to see the consumers of this country, the poor men in the masses, begin to get benefit from the new schedules and to turn with sympathy and support to the party that revised the tariff in their interest. Between these two extreme views, which are daily expressed by Democrats of national reputation, the man up a tree may take his choice."

Out of Sight.

One hears a great deal of comment in Washington upon the disappearance of William C. Whitney as a factor in Democratic national affairs. It was Mr. Whitney more than any other man who secured the nomination of Mr. Cleveland. That Mr. Whitney's generalship had much to do with the election, that his was the hand that controlled the campaign machine, every one knows. The expectation was only natural, as it was general that Mr. Whitney would be the big man behind the throne. It was freely predicted that he would want a great deal and get everything he asked for. As a matter of fact, Mr. Whitney has had almost nothing at all to do with this administration. He

has declined to recommend men for appointment to office, save in one or two cases where simple justice required his interference, and he has studiously avoided any effort to control the patronage of his own state. If he had lost all the ambition he ever possessed to be president of the United States, Mr. Whitney could not more completely have retired from public view or from a position of influence in the affairs of his party.

While it is true that Mr. Whitney is not on very good terms with the president and has his opinion of some of the president's methods—an opinion which he has taken good care to keep very carefully to himself—the rupture is not deep enough to cause an entire severance of relations nor to induce Mr. Whitney to keep himself wholly in the background. One finds many acute observers saying that Mr. Whitney is playing a deeper game. They say he was able, from his knowledge of the conditions of Mr. Cleveland's temperament and tendencies, to predict with tolerable certainty that this was not destined to be a popular administration. According to this theory, Mr. Whitney felt sure Mr. Cleveland was starting out to please himself in his second and final term, and that his methods of doing so were sure to cause more or less of a breach between himself and his party. Mr. Whitney knew there would be great discontent over the manner in which the offices were filled, and he was able to foresee that on at least one great public question—that of silver—the president was about to run counter to the wishes of a large section of the Democratic party.

Tired of Politics.

In other words, these observers declare that Mr. Whitney saw what was coming and decided to stand from under, to hold aloof, to have no identification with the administration and to lie low awaiting a turn in the affairs of the party which might bring him to the front. If this theory be correct, Mr. Whitney has shown his usual astuteness, but other friends and admirers of the great Democratic Warwick say he has really abandoned his ambition to be president, particularly since the death of his wife, and that he is leaving politics alone because he is tired of the bother and selfishness and insincerity, not to say at times the downright hoggishness, of the life.

Not What it Used to Be.

"It's hard for us folks to get a living nowadays," said an old itinerant tinsmith, the other day as he closed the shutters on his nearly broken down wagon preparatory to leaving a little country village near Philadelphia. "It used to be that we made lots of money, but then these city fellows got to offering cabinet photographs for so little that people don't want tinsmiths any more, and we have a mighty hard time to keep the wolf from the door."—Philadelphia Call.

It Took the Gold Min.

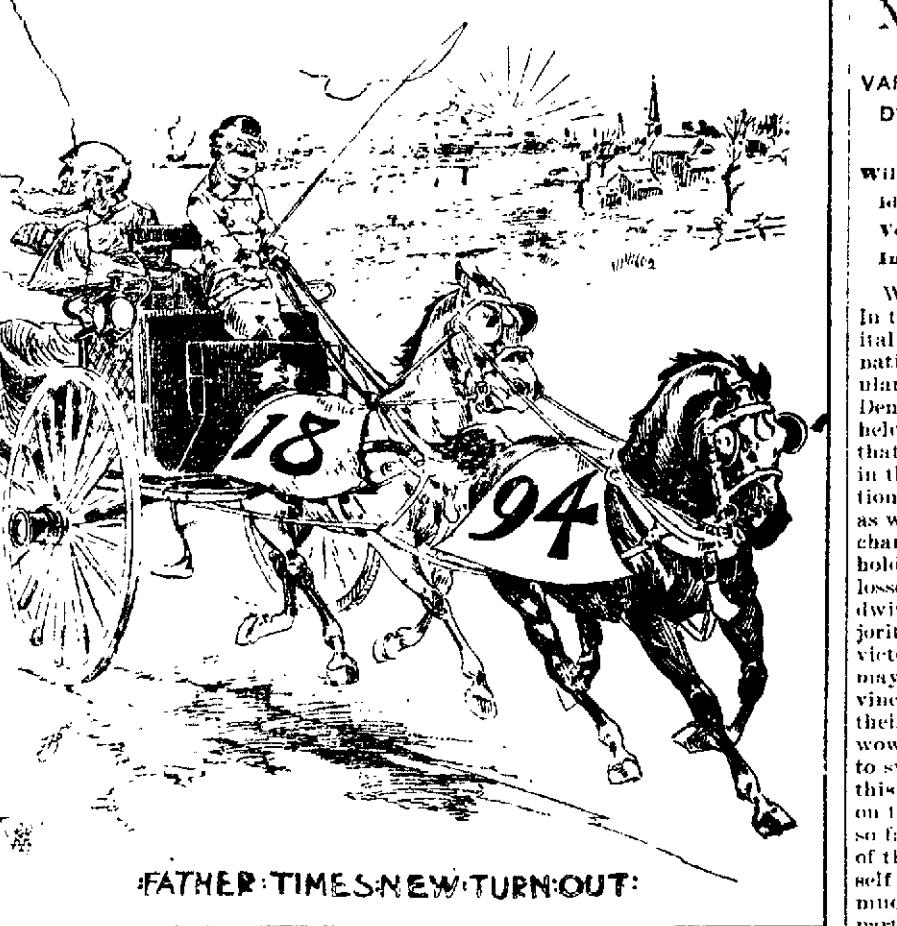
This drill will take and does the work or sale of mac

I will do contract Coal, Mineral, Ma

Copper Ore. I will work or sale of mac

Address the

MOSES



FATHER-TIME'S NEW TURN-OUT:

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